


# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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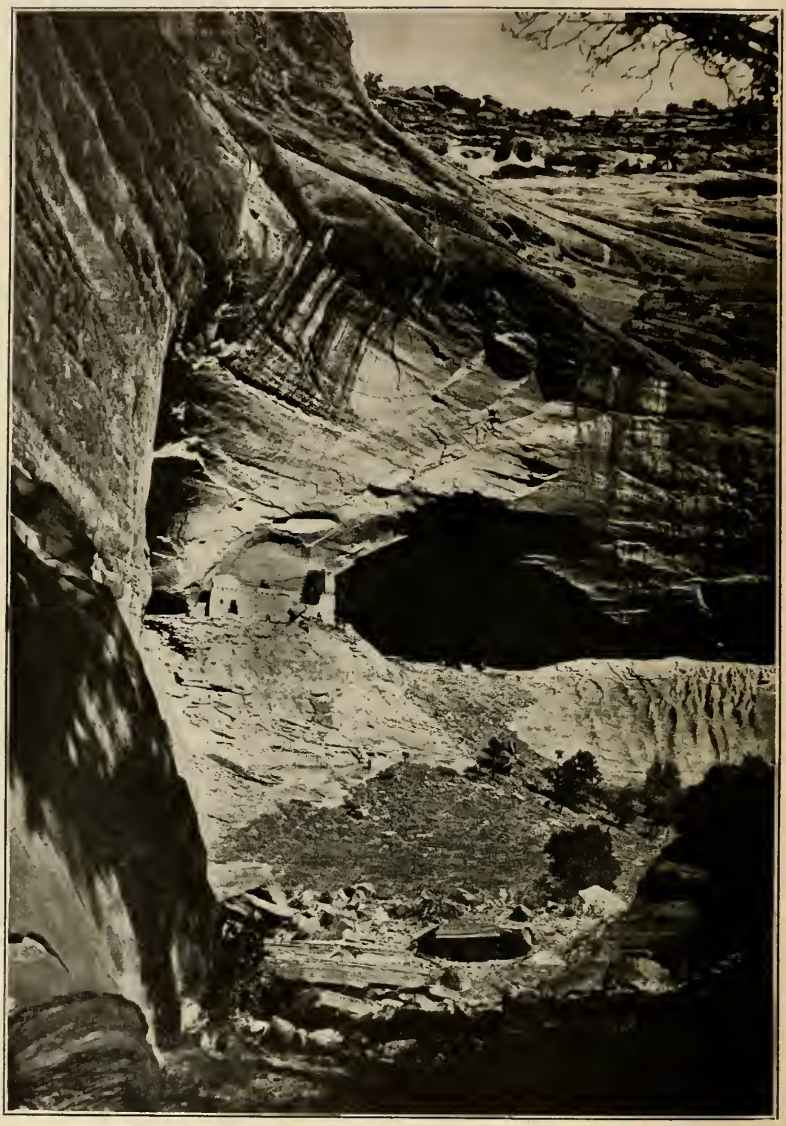
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NO more instructive, more fascinating, wonders of the Interior West are found than the remains of the Cliff-dwellers. Of these ancient people, the years have left for our seeing both that which was their handiwork and themselves. The sands have covered deeply the floors of their caves, have preserved and yielded up to our day that which their art produced, and that which was mortal of them. We see the articles of domestic life and the implements of war; we look upon their bodies after the lapse of we know not how many centuries. And there, upon the cliff-tops, upon the steep sides of wild and desolate canyons, in sun-burnt lands, are yet the walls of their dwellings, their watch-towers, and their excavations in the solid rock, their kivas, their places of counsel, and their scenes of worship.

The imagination is excited by the very stillness, the solitude, that now rests over the ruined buildings of the Cliff-dwellers. That building, that cave, in the Canyon Del Muerte? What wild scenes have been there enacted! Up that slope, beneath those walls, to that opening in the rock, what strange processions! One imagines the white-haired priests, the fantastic warriors, the dark-skinned, black-haired maidens! Those rocks have echoed back, no doubt, the shrill songs of joyance, and the weird chants of lamentation. Perhaps there, too, might have been enacted some scene of carnage, some massacre, when the life of that primitive tribe was brought to an end.—ALFRED LAMBOURNE.



CLIFF-DWELLING—CANYON DEL MUERTE

# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XV. JUNE, 1912 No. 8

## Criticism, and Spiritual and Temporal Condition of the Church*

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH

I feel very grateful for the privilege I enjoy of meeting with you here at the opening session of this, the eighty-second, anniversary of the annual conference of the Church. I estem it a great privilege to be permitted to live and be associated with my brethren and sisters in the great cause in which we are engaged. Personally, I have nothing but this cause to live for, for the rest of my life. It has been very much, almost entirely, the object of life with me, ever since my childhood, and I am very thankful that I have had the privilege of being connected with the missionary work of the Church, and I hope and trust that I may be able to continue in this ministry the remainder of my days. I feel in my heart that there is nothing greater for me, or for any other man living, than to be identified with the cause of truth, and I verily believe that we are engaged in the cause of truth, and not error.

It is a source of gratitude, also, and pleasure, to Latter-day Saints, to know that their enemies are not and have not been opposed, openly and avowedly, to the principles which we have espoused. As a rule, the opposition arrayed against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been arrayed against us from false premises, and instead of our religion and the principles of the gospel, which we have embraced, being attacked by our enemies, as a general thing they have been attacking those things which they have falsely laid to our charge, and of which

*Opening address, at the annual Conference, April 5, 1912.

we are not guilty. Our enemies would not appear to be very consistent to oppose the principle of revelation from God to man. They would not appear very consistent to oppose the Latter-day Saints for believing in the fact that the Lord Almighty is quite as capable of revealing himself to the children of men in this dispensation as he ever was; and, therefore, when our enemies oppose us, or our faith in these principles, it is on the false premises that we only profess to, but do not believe in them. They cannot, surely, array themselves against the principle of faith in God and in his ability to reveal himself in our age of the world as he has ever been able to reveal himself to the children of men; but they claim that we pretend to believe in these things when there is no such thing. Well, they are responsible for saying there isn't any such thing as revelation now; we are not responsible for that. On the contrary, we are responsible for declaring to the world that God has revealed himself to man in this dispensation; and that he has done so to be consistent with himself and with his eternal purposes, that he might make himself known to his children in this age as well as in any other age of the world. And so we might go *seriatim,* throughout every doctrine and principle of the Church which has excited opposition in the world, and we will find that it is not always the truth that they are fighting, but it is their construction of our views from their points of view. They charge us with errors of which we are not guilty. They charge us with acts that we have never performed, and with conduct that is entirely at variance and inconsistent with our lives and history. They have framed, in their minds, acts and beliefs and practices that the Church of Christ never in any sense has been guilty of or connected with; and yet they charge us with doing these things. To be more plain in the matter, to illustrate what I desire to convey to you: They charge us with being corrupt, with having practiced corrupt principles. They charge us with having been seclusive and opposed to the world, opposed to our national government, opposed to good, true, and wholesome laws, and to works of righteousness. Really, they charge us with being murderers, adulterers, and all manner of evil-doers much the same as was charged against the Son of God and the ancient Saints. They distort what we do believe into something that is entirely contrary to our belief, and then proceed to array themselves against us.

Now, let me say to you, if our enemies desire to oppose the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints because we believe, with all our souls, in the divinity of Christ and the precepts and principles which he taught, if they are opposed to us because we believe that these principles have been restored again to the earth in this dispensation, and we have espoused them and are trying to live them the best we can, we have no fault to find with them. Let them find fault with our faith as much as they will, we shall not complain of them, although we would regret exceedingly that they do not comprehend the truth as we comprehend it. I cannot find fault with my enemy for charging me with earnest and honest belief in the divinity of the mission of Jesus Christ. I cannot find fault with him for charging me with believing in the divine mission of Joseph Smith. I cannot find fault with him for charging me with having faith in God, in Christ, and in the Holy Spirit, and for believing in repentance of sin and departing from it, and in the principle of baptism by immersion, for the remission of sins, and in the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. If they will charge me with these things, I shall not complain of them; but if they should charge me with falsely believing in them, or merely pretending to believe in them, they would be placing me in a false light, and would be charging me with that which is not true. It is in this light that I have spoken of this matter as I have. The world do not oppose us for what we do, but they oppose us for what they charge us with doing, which we do not do.

Our mission has been to save men. We have been laboring all these eighty odd years of the Church to bring men to a knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ, to bring them to repentance, to obedience to the requirements of God's law. We have been striving to save men from error, to persuade them to turn away from evil and to learn to do good. Now, if our enemies will only charge us with doing this, all right; and if they wish to oppose us for doing this, that is their business; but when they charge us with doing that which we have not done, believing that which we do not believe, practicing that which we have never practiced, then I pity them. I pity them because they are doing it in ignorance, or because they are wilfully disposed to misrepresent the truth.

I desire to say that in my judgment the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was never in a better condition spiritually or temporally than it is today. I believe that our Priesthood quorums are in as good condition today as they ever were in the Church. I think, if possible, they are more effectually and efficiently organized, and in better working condition than ever they were before. I believe that the faith of the Latter-day Saints in the gospel of Jesus Christ, in the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith, is as good and as great today as it ever was, if it is not better. I believe that there is as much union and fellowship in the Church as ever did exist in it. I don't intend or mean to say that we have not, occasionally, discontented people, fault-finders. I presume that we will always have a few of them; but I do not believe that there were ever fewer of them, proportionately, than there are now. I do not believe that ever before, the Latter-day Saints generally understood the principles of their religion better than they understand them today. I do not believe that they were ever firmer in the faith, and I believe with all my soul that the Church is growing today quite as fast as at any period of its existence. I am quite satisfied in my own mind that the presiding authorities of the Church were never more united than they are, and never stood firmer together than they do now. I believe that the presidents of the stakes of Zion, at any other period of the Church's history, were never more faithful or more diligent in the performance of their duties than they now are. This is my judgment, from my point of view; and I think that, from my point of view, we are as capable of judging of these conditions as any men can be. We have no reason to complain, no reason to be in doubt.

Let me say, too, that I believe that the spirituality of the people of God, the people of this Church, is as great as it ever was. It has been charged, by public speakers abroad, and by men who, we might suppose, occupied positions in the community enabling them to know better, that the "Mormon" Church is losing its spirituality, that the spiritual things of the Church are waning among them. This is as false as can be. Let me say for their instruction, if such individuals will receive instruction from me, that there is not a man, or woman, or child, who is in fellowship or in good standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day

Saaints, that has not received, by the laying on of hands, of those who have power and authority to confer blessings from the Lord to the children of men, the gift of the Holy Ghost—every man, every woman, and every child that has been baptized into the Church. Where will you go outside of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to find a church, or a religious community, no matter what its name or character may be, that has received an equal advantage with this? Where will you go to find a people, in the world, on whom has been conferred the gift of the Holy Spirit, by the laying on of hands? So far, then, from the truth is this statement that the Church is losing its spirituality, it is receiving additional gifts of the Spirit of God in every member of the Church added to it. And the spirit of inspiration, the gift of revelation, does not belong to one man solely; it is not a gift that pertains to the presidency of the Church and the twelve apostles alone. It is not confined to the presiding authorities of the Church, it belongs to every individual member of the Church, and it is the right and privilege of every man, every woman, and every child who has reached the years of accountability, to enjoy the spirit of revelation, and to be possessed of the spirit of inspiration in the discharge of their duties as members of the Church. It is the privilege of every individual member of the Church to have revelation for his own guidance, for the direction of his life and conduct; and, therefore, I aver—and I believe I may do so without any reasonable chance for it being gainsaid or opposed—that there is not another church in the world, or an organization of religious people, who are so universally spiritual in their lives, and who are so universally entitled to the gifts of the Spirit of God as are the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. You are all entitled to revelation. It is your privilege to have it revealed to you whether I am a servant of God, or a servant of man; whether I am in the discharge of my duty, or not; whether I, as a presiding officer in the Church, am acting in the discharge of my duty acceptably to you and the Lord. It is your privilege to have revelation in regard to this, and to know the truth yourselves. And it is my privilege to have revelation from God, as an individual, for my own temporal guidance, as well as for my spiritual guidance; and I repeat again that there never was a time in the earth,

since the Church was organized, when the spirituality of the people of God was greater than it is today.

The Church is charged with commercialism. There is not the least semblance of it, in truth. The Church is neither buying nor selling goods or chattels. It is not engaged in merchandising of any description, and never has been; and there could not well be a more false and groundless statement made against the Church than to charge it with commercialism. It is true that, unlike other churches or religious organizations, the people of this Church observe the law of tithing, which is the law of revenue of the Church. We do not pass around the hat to you, or the collection box, for means to defray the expenses incident to the carrying on the work of the Church. You give it voluntarily. This reminds me of another falsehood that is spread abroad by our enemies: namely, that the "Mormon" people are compelled to pay tithing, that the authorities of the Church demand it of them, that it is made obligatory upon them, and is tyrannically exacted from them all the time, which is an infamous falsehood, a slander, for there is not a word or syllable of truth in it. The observance of the law of tithing is voluntary. I can pay my tithing or not, as I choose. It is a matter of choice with me, whether I will do it or not do it; but feeling as I do, loyal to the Church, loyal to its interests, believing that it is right and just to observe the law of tithing, I do observe it,—on the same principle that I think it is right for me to observe the law of repentance, and of baptism for the remission of sins. It is my pleasure to do my duty with reference to the observance of these principles, and to pay my tithing. The Lord has revealed how this means shall be cared for and managed; namely, by the presidency of the Church and the high council of the Church, (that is, the twelve apostles), and the presiding bishopric of the Church. I think there is wisdom in this. It is not left for one man to dispose of it, or to handle it alone, not by any means. It devolves upon at least eighteen men, men of wisdom, of faith, of ability, as these eighteen men are. I say it devolves upon them to dispose of the tithes of the people, and to use them for whatever purpose in their judgment and wisdom will accomplish the most good for the Church; and because this fund of tithing is disposed of by these men whom the Lord has designed as having authority to do it, for the necessities and

benefit of the Church, they call it "commercialism." What absurdity! You may just as well call their practices in passing around their contribution boxes, for collecting means with which to build their churches, with which to pay their ministers, and with which to carry on the monetary affairs of their churches—"commercialism," as for them to charge us with "commercialism," because we handle the tithings of the Church, and appropriate and use it for the benefit of the Church.

Before we get through with this conference, we expect to hear some reports from the presiding bishopric, who are the temporal custodians of the means of the Church, and whose duty it is to account for the receipt and disbursement of these funds; and you will be surprised, perhaps, to learn how generally and universally, in the Church, the means gathered from the tithes of the people are disposed of for the benefit of all the people—and not for a few. Then, I repeat, it is not that which we do, but that which they charge us with doing, with which they are finding fault. Well, let them find fault. It only proves their ignorance or their ill-feeling and lack of judgment in making complaints against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Again, I repeat that there are no more spiritually-minded people on earth than the Latter-day Saints. There is no more prayerful people on earth than the Latter-day Saints. There is not another people who are nearer to God their Father than are the Latter-day Saints; for they have the right to go to him in their secret chamber, at the altar of prayer in their own homes; they can bow down and get very near unto the Lord, nearer, I think, than any other people. I do not say it boastfully, either; I say it as I believe it to be a simple truth. Does it not stand to reason that a man who has received the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, a man that has been born again of the water and of the Spirit, in accordance with the plan that God has instituted by which he may come into his fold, can get nearer to God than those who have not been born again, or those who have not been endowed with the Spirit of the Lord? Of course, it stands to reason, and it is consistent to claim that much for the Latter-day Saints. Our mothers, and the mothers of our children, whose hearts are filled with solicitude for the welfare of their children, having had conferred upon them the gift of the

Holy Spirit, by the laying on of hands, can go to their secret chambers and bow down before God and commune with him as no other mothers on earth can do, if they will only observe the principles they have embraced, and will live up to their privileges. By the influence that they will thus gain over the hearts of their children, they will lead them in the path of righteousness and truth, and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, in the love of truth, in obedience to his commands, in such a way as others cannot do who are destitute of these privileges, blessings and endowments, so freely conferred upon the mothers in Israel. I am aware that there are those who will say: "That is boasting; that is like the Pharisees." They will liken this talk of mine to that of the egotistical Pharisee, illustrated in the parable of the Savior: "Oh, Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men." But it is not true. That would be another false charge. On the contrary, it is in the same spirit that the sinner appealed unto the Lord: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner." The man who possesses the spirit of revelation can realize whether he is a sinner, whether he is prone to evil, whether he is magnifying his standing before the Lord, or not, better than a man who has not the Spirit of the Lord in him, can he not? Is the man who is ignorant of the principles of the gospel, and of the way in which he should reach the Father and commune with him, more likely to be acceptable to God in his prayers than one who knows how to approach the Lord, who has received the truth in his heart, who will pray to God in the spirit of prayer and true devotion? The Latter-day Saints possess that spirit; they know how to approach the Lord; they do not call upon him to be heard for "much speaking." When we pray, we pray to the Lord for that which we need, that which we feel is or will be good for us, or necessary for our well-being and happiness; and when the Lord has blessed us in our labors, crowned our efforts with success, and we have laid up in store an abundance of bread, we are not so inconsistent as to repeat the Lord's prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread." We do not have to do it, but we thank him daily for the bread we have. We thank him for the blessings that we enjoy, and we acknowledge his goodness and mercy in bestowing upon us the blessings that we possess. But we do not have to repeat the Lord's prayer every day, which was given to

his ministry, the apostles, in ancient times when they were sent out like lambs in the midst of wolves, and he taught them that they were not to take thought of what they should eat or what they should drink, or wherewithal they should be clothed; that the Lord would feed them; that the Lord would open the hearts of those they ministered unto, to provide for their necessities. Go, and when you pray, pray for what you need. What did they need? Bread, bread for this day. "Give us this day our daily bread; leave us not in temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the power, and the kingdom, and the glory, forever and ever." Our ministers pray this prayer when they are out in the world depending upon the Lord for his goodness, and guidance; but when they are at home, with their houses supplied with all that is needful, and their granaries full, and all else that they need, then, instead of saying, "O Lord, give us this day our daily bread," we say, "O Lord, we thank thee for what thou hast given us; bless it to our good, and help us to make a wise and proper use of it." That is the way the Latter-day Saints pray. You pray with intelligence; you pray with understanding; you approach the Lord with a knowledge of what you should do, and how you should approach him, and how you have a right to ask him for the blessings you need, even to the laying on of hands upon the sick, praying for them, and rebuking disease, that they may be healed under the blessing of the Lord; and *that* the world does not possess.

Now, I think I have made clear what I said in the beginning, that some people in the world are charging us with things we are not guilty of. They are arraigning us before the bar of public opinion for things we are strangers to, things we do not believe, things we have never done, things we have no connection with whatever, only in the imagination of our enemies. When they charge the Church with commercialism, they charge it with that which is false. When they charge the Church with losing the spirituality of the gospel of Jesus Christ, they charge it falsely; it is not true. The Latter-day Saints do pray, and they are more faithful than most of the people of the world. Now, I may say, consistently, that there are good people in the world, people who are just as faithful to what they know, as we are faithful to what we know; and I judge in some instances you will find examples of

people out in the world who do not know as much as you do of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who have not the testimony of the Spirit in their hearts as you have, of the divinity of Christ and of Joseph Smith, who are just as devout, just as humble, just as contrite in spirit, and as devoted to what they know, as some of us are, and they will be rewarded according to their works, every one of them, and will receive a reward far surpassing anything that they dream of.

Some people dream, you know, and think, and teach, that all the glory they ever expect to have in the world to come is to sit in the light and glory of the Son of God, and sing praises and songs of joy and gratitude all their immortal lives. We do not believe in any such thing. We believe that every man will have his work to do in the other world, just as surely as he had it to do here, and a greater work than he can do here. We believe that we are on the road of advancement, of development in knowledge, in understanding, and in every good thing, and that we will continue to grow, advance and develop throughout the eternities that are before us. That is what we believe.

I believe in the Latter-day Saints. I believe they are a people who will do their duty, as a general thing. That there are delinquents, that there are those who are slothful, that there are those who are indifferent, and that there are those who have not the faith they should have, we know; we understand that; and that there are some, occasionally, who go wrong entirely, do wrong entirely; we know and understand that. But the vast majority of the Latter-day Saints are good and faithful members of the Church. God bless them; they are in fellowship with him and with each other.

Now, the Lord bless you. I did not expect to talk so long when I got up, for I did not feel at all in the humor of talking. I have been suffering, for a short time, with a severe cold, as many others are at this time of the year; and I presume I will feel the effects of this exertion, a little. But I bear my testimony to you, I know the truth, so far as I have gone. I do not know it all, but what I do know, what I have learned, I know. Not only do I know the truth, so far as I have learned it, but I go a notch higher, I know positively that I do know the truth of some of the principles we have received; I know that the principle of faith in

God, in Jesus Christ, and in the Spirit of the Lord, and the Holy Ghost, is a correct principle. I know that the principle of repentance is a true principle, and I know that I know it, too. I know that baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, by one having authority, is a true principle, because Christ taught it; Christ obeyed it, and would not fail, for anything, to fulfil it—not that he was sinful and needed to be baptized for the remission of sins, but he only needed to do it to fulfil all righteousness, that is, to fulfil the law. I know that this is a true principle. I know that it is a true and righteous principle to keep one's self pure and unspotted from the world, and I know that I know it, too. I know that it is just and true that men should not steal, nor lie, nor commit adultery, nor bear false witness against their neighbor, nor do anything like unto it. I know that these are true principles, and I thank God, that I do know it, and that it is in my heart to observe and keep these things. I know, too, that it is a proper thing for us to accept and honor the holy Priesthood that has been restored to the earth in this dispensation, through Joseph, the Prophet. I know that is good, because it is calculated to uphold the truth, and sustain the Church, and develop men in knowledge, in good works, in fidelity to the purposes of the Lord, and it is essential to the proper government of the people of God in the earth, and for our own individual government, the government of our families, the government of our temporal and spiritual affairs, individually as well as collectively. I believe that every individual in the Church has just as much right to enjoy the spirit of revelation and the understanding from God which the spirit of revelation gives him for his own good as the bishop has to enable him to preside over his ward. Every man has the privilege to exercise these gifts and these privileges in the conduct of his own affairs, in bringing up his children in the way they should go, and in the management of his farm, his flocks, his herds, and in the management of his business, if he has business of other kinds to do; it is his right to enjoy the spirit of revelation and of inspiration—to do the right thing, to be wise and prudent, just, and good in everything that he does. I know that this is a true principle, and I know that I know it, too; and that is the thing that I would like the Latter-day Saints to know.

It is not our days of greatest joy that we look back upon with most pleasure; it is our time of struggle and effort, of conquered hardships, of pain outlived, of sorrow survived, of failure and of grief transmuted into something higher, truer, uplifting. It is when all these have grown fainter in the perspective of time, with their sharp angles dulled, that we recall them when we are in better conditions, and can then review them with even a peaceful sense of calm.

Have you ever noted how successful men of business delight to tell the story of their early struggles? When gathered together in frank, easy talk, if one of them speaks of the days when stomach and purse were both empty, it will start a series of hard-luck stories around the table. Each man seems to take a diver's pride in relating how far down he went, and how long he stayed under the waters of oblivion before coming to the surface. There is in these stories no note of bitterness or pessimism. They sing the inspiring, triumphant music of optimism, telling man's victory over obstacles, opposition, trial and poverty.

We must all face trouble, care, sorrow, grief. It is how we face it, how we battle, how we stand the strain, that really counts. If we have a loved and loving one to stand gravely by us, for whom and with whom we can battle, heart to heart, made nearer and dearer by the united conflict, then we should feel we have been more than blessed. It is the lonely fight that is hardest. When no heart inspires us with the sympathy that is an atmosphere needing no words, when no hand reaches instinctively out to ours in the stillness and darkness and meets ours in a clasp of inspiration and new strength—then the battle is hard indeed. Plants grow most in the darkest hours preceding dawn; so do human souls. Nature always pays for a brave fight. Sometimes she pays in strengthened moral muscle, sometimes in deepened spiritual insight, sometimes in a broadening, mellowing, sweetening of the fibres of character—but she always pays.

Into every home come days when the clouds of trouble hang low, when sorrow shadows the doorway, when the hand of affliction tightens the heart-strings; when the light of hope dims, flickers and darkens into despair; when sickness comes, and its master, death, holds the trembling scale of life; when our very

soul seems heavy with an untold grief. These are but some of the crises that husband and wife must meet—somehow. How they meet them rests solely with the two who must solve the problem. It cannot be met by others. Sorrow never recognizes a proxy vote. We must ourselves elect how we will meet our problems.

A period of business depression or failure, the loss of position, or other reverses, the cutting down of income and the many dangerous sequels to this dire disease, may bring the husband and wife face to face with a financial crisis. It is the entrance to a time of stringency, strain and sacrifice, with no exit made visible even by the telescope of optimism. It means a reconstruction of the home regime on siege lines. There is a reclassifying of household expenses and many of the luxuries are quietly removed from consideration, and many of the old necessities are promoted to the luxury class.

Financing, in times such as these, rises from a mere science to the dignity of an art, and every dollar has to work overtime and do the duty of two or three. Chafing restrictions take the place of the old freedom, wants grow impudent and insistent, and a new atmosphere fills the home. It is a situation requiring slow, careful watchfulness as that of a sea captain, standing on the bridge of an ocean steamer and directing the snail-like progress of his ship under slow steam, through a heavy fog.

There is danger of fretting, blame, recrimination, protest and lack of sympathy on the part of the wife, met by a tendency to coldness, crossness, bitterness, anger, hopelessness, sulks, sarcasm or despair on the side of the husband. When conditions are darkest it is no time for blame of either; it is the hour when each should forget self in seeking to inspire the other. When conditions are darkest, the lamp of love should be kept burning brightest. This is an occasion where the two should pull together. You cannot move and guide a boat properly with one oar; it requires the two, on opposite sides, to move in harmony.

A spirit of unselfishness, of making the best of things, of not taking trouble too seriously, of laughing away little inconveniences instead of erecting a monument of a moan to them, counting the blessings that remain, thinking more of the sal-

vage than of the loss, realizing the sweet duty and privilege of the stronger to be brave for the sake of the weaker—all helps greatly in the crisis. Such an experience is not the most awful in the world. In the later days, if it has drawn the two into closer harmony and fuller realization of mutual dependence, it will be but a happy memory of an episode, the dawning of real living.

They may even later laugh merrily over the meagre Christmas dinner they had in their one little room the year the factory failed, when they gave fancy French names to the simplest dishes and helped each other to wine that their imagination transformed from water, and gave orders in dignified society manner to the serving maid who did not exist, and did other brave, foolish little things to hearten each other. They had determined that this Christmas should not be sad, and they were almost afraid to look into each other's eyes for fear of breaking down.

There were the extravagantly mendacious letters they wrote home about the building of the new wing to the house, their trouble with the servants, the parties they attended, the beautiful necklace her husband gave her on her birthday, when in reality all he could put around the throat he loved was his arms with a clasp made of his hands, and the plays and operas of a New York season, just because they were too proud to let the old folks know and they were going to fight and to win together—somehow.

Then there was that quaint, old German landlord who used to call every day for the unpaid rent and spoke with such peculiar phrases and half-digested idioms. It all seems tinged with humor now, but it was appallingly serious when they were living through it. Its pathos and its sordidness and its tragedy have been sweetened and haloed by love, and transformed into joy in memory, because they pulled through the crisis together, and almost all they had in the world was just each other. These are the things that take the sting from memory and bring the strength and inspiration of out-lived sorrow, strain and struggle to lighten any future trials they may have to face.

There are real sorrows that make mere poverty seem wealth by comparison. There is the standing together by the sick bed of a dear little one, in the hush of a dimly lighted room, watch-

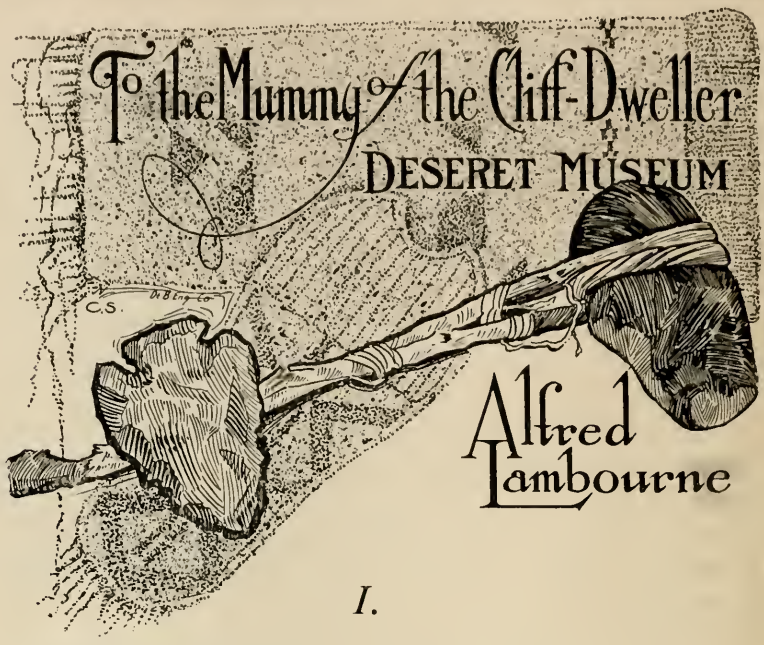
ing, waiting, fearing and hoping. Then come long days and longer nights when weak, worn and wearied, each looks for hope in the other's eyes, when all life is reduced to moments; when the light of hope dies and they face their great sorrow—together. Then must they meet the slow, creeping tide of long days of loneliness and emptiness of life when the thought of a child's laughter forever silenced brings a pang of anguish that no mere words can deaden. The gentle mutual thoughtfulness, wistful watchfulness and tender-handed love of each ministering to the other lightens and lessens their journey through this Gethsemane in the lives of two.

When the mantle of disgrace falls on the shoulders of some one near to both husband and wife, and a hurt pride and a wounded sense of honor threatens to leave an ugly scar, when their natures seem to grow bitter and resentful at this pain and shame coming to them who are innocent, then together must they meet it and, together, must each be a source of strength to the other.

There are crises, too, where misunderstandings, begun as a trifle, augmented by that clever circumstantial evidence that so deftly fits into a theory, shake the foundations of faith, and doubt wedded to suspicion kills confidence. Then a calm conference, holding the balance of judgment suspended in the firm hand of love, listening to explanations without bitterness, seeking only truth with the wisdom that does not translate, perhaps, an innocent imprudence into a crime may help to tide over an unhappy episode that assailed the whole future of both. Faith and trust and love, to be worth anything, should be ready and equal to any emergency. They should never surrender if a ray of hope remains. Trust should be like a life-boat, designed not for sunshine and calm, when the bright blue sky is unflecked by a cloud: but when darkness, storm and tempest make troubled seas.

The spirit of unity that pulls together through a crisis has little to fear for its happiness in any of the situations that may arise in the life of the home.

["The Danger of Summer Separations" is the title of the next article in this series.]




## *I.*

What! Did thine eyes once look upon the sun—
Thou who didst lie those ages on the stones?
O wan and mummied, gaunt and awful one,
Can it be truth that life was in these bones?
And thou, how long ago, crouched by the fire,
Where long thy tomb was in the high cliff-cave?
Didst love a mate, of child wast thou the sire,
To all the passions wast thou once a slave?

What thoughts once dwelt in that now withered brain;
Of earth, what things were last within thy sight?
Didst thou know hope and fear and joy and pain;
In peace didst die, or in the savage fight?
We question thee, but question thee in vain—
No answer comes from out the ancient night!

## *II.*

And from those stony lips once counsel came—
The words that held perhaps the tribal fate?
But what thy deeds, O now we cannot name,
We know not that for which they thought thee great!
And warriors did follow at thy yell—
When swung that ax of flint within thy hand?
No records on the rocks thy prowess tell,
Naught that thou didst is known in all the land.

Yet this we gather, many called thee chief;
The desert sands did long thy treasures hide;
That Time, the Reaper, bound thee in his sheaf;
The ancient tale is thine—he lived, he died:
A mortal thou, and so thy days were brief.
Can we boast more? Behold the end of Pride!



# Back to the Home

BY JOSEPH E. TAYLOR.

"Back to the Farm" has become a slogan, repeated and reiterated by press, pulpit, college and lecture room, as well as by the fireside, and is recognized as a call equally imperative to any issued by military authority.

Mother Earth calls for it, and reminds us that the earliest, in fact, the original fiat of the Almighty was, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life." It is recorded that after Eden was shut against Adam, he began at once to till the earth, and his wife, our mother Eve, assisted him in this labor and did not deem it in the least degree degrading or humiliating.

The entire physical being of man calls for this return, he being so admirably adapted to the labor which it demands. And further, while we willingly admit that commerce, merchandise and its kindred enterprises honestly conducted, are wholly legitimate, on the other hand, we are compelled to admit the fact that commerce, merchandise and their companions, are wholly dependent upon the products of the earth, and these are only made available by intelligent cultivation. Earth, then, is the only source of supply for all legitimate purposes and uses. Science and art can make no exhibition of its gifts and powers outside of the earth's supply of material. While the portrait-painter may demur somewhat to the above, let me remind him that man himself is essentially of the earth earthy, and his best endeavors are simply copies of the original.

But, "Back to the Home" is the subject of our text which we wish now to discuss in a somewhat abbreviated form, at the risk of being considered an antiquated back number. We readily admit that the word Mother—with the exception of the name of Deity—is the most sacred of all the words to be found in the vocabularies of the civilized world, as well as in the unwritten languages of the barbarian. But let it be remembered, Home

is the abode of her cherished form, in which is exhibited the very acme—aye all there is—of patience, forbearance, endurance, forgiveness, devotion and undying love.

The men and women of world-renowned literary merit, whose poetic and prose effusions, also character delineations so true to life, have charmed vast multitudes although gone, are not forgotten. For that which they have left behind is cherished as choice memories of their inspirational and philosophical lines, although often expressed in terse sentences but yet containing volumes. Upon the rostrum and other public places, force is often sought to be given to the sentiments uttered by the speaker by quoting from gifted authors at length, not omitting to give full credit for quotations used where they belong. Why the query and whence the question so often asked as to the birthplace of these celebrities? Where was his or her birthplace, or, in other words, their home? Not satisfied with an oral or written answer, thousands of miles of travel have been made and money unsparingly spent to get opportunity not only to visit the home of the favorite author but to tread the floor of the identical chamber where his birth took place; and when thus satisfied, a feeling of veneration wells up in the bosom which finds expression in words of endearment akin to love.

Following this are inquiries concerning the favored father and mother, upon whom are bestowed—although long since passed away—suitable and appropriate congratulations. I might quote at length from the many speeches made at the late centennial gatherings in honor of the late Charles Dickens, also from the eulogies, both poetical and in prose, that have sounded the praises that we feel are due the immortal Bard of Avon; as also the descriptions given in such minute detail by many of the thousands of visitors to the lowly village of Stratford in regard to the home, including the surroundings where the revered poet and dramatist Shakespeare was born—not forgetting the dismantled house nearby where he died nearly three centuries ago. Where is there a Latter-day Saint but has a feeling akin to pride in knowing that the birthplace, the home, of our beloved Prophet and Seer, Joseph Smith, is now marked by a monument erected to preserve the memory of that important event, which will remain intact for several centuries of time; or would even

admit that the means expended was other than an expenditure most commendable, and justified by our Father, as manifest in his acceptance of the same?

Perhaps in answering the question as to the home where these notables were born, and the great satisfaction felt upon learning the identical spot of its occurrence, and valuing it almost as priceless as historical data, I might be allowed to quote by way of illustration a circumstance ever to be remembered by those who were present upon the occasion which occurred in London, England, in the year 1847, during the tour of the Swedish Nightingale, Jennie Lind. I believe it was in the evening of her second appearance in Her Majesty's Theater which was packed from pit to dome. At the conclusion of her third song, which had the effect of almost raising the entire audience to their feet, an encore was called for, to which she smilingly responded and gave, in her sweetest and most pathetic tones, a song familiar to the people of nearly every nationality—"Home, Sweet Home," but perhaps producing the most intense feeling when rendered in its original English. The tones of her sweet voice, in singing the first verse, produced a hush so profound that, to use a familiar expression, "you might have heard a pin drop," but when the first note of the chorus was sounded, accompanied by the word "Home," and delivered with unrivaled pathos, every soul was moved to tears; but when the same note and word was sounded in the chorus of the last verse, the suppressed and pent up feelings gave way to loud sobs and exclamations, requiring the dropping of the curtain, to remain for fully ten minutes to restore an equilibrium in the audience.

I only speak the true feelings of those of the past generations when I say that I should take great pleasure in pointing out to members of my family the house—if it still stands—where I was born, although that event happened nearly eighty-two years ago. But, oh! what a change has taken place in this age of advanced thought, advanced education, as well as advanced scientific acquirements; and in what are termed our much improved facilities and conveniences.

Twenty years from now, ask many of the babes of today: Where were you born? The answer, perchance, might be, "In a rooming house," so mother says, "but I don't know where it is;"

or "in a hospital, but that's all I know about it." Consequently, two decades hence there will be very few lingering and pleasant memories of the home where our children were born and reared.

While I recognize that hospital appointments and conveniences, etc., as well as many tenement houses, relieve us from much care, anxiety and strenuous labor, still the fact remains that in the broad sense in which we have viewed this question, they are not home.

If the Swedish songstress should come back twenty years or more from now, in possession of all the endowed powers of the part unimpared, her only charm would be in her sweet tones of music, for the word home accompanying would fail to produce the same effect, or even in calling forth a single tear. The question might be asked by some, what about the birthplace of the Savior? To which I reply, viewing the circumstances as related, a necessity compelled it. But, perhaps, other reasons more substantial will be made apparent in the future, and although the exact spot where He was born, as now located, might be strongly questioned, yet I can believe the time will come when the identical place will not only be pointed out but remembrances upon a grand scale will be erected there, in commemoration of that more than notable event. For a simple rehearsal of it cannot always be deemed sufficient for the Being who, as John saw, would receive the acclamations and honor of "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands," besides "every creature in heaven, earth and sea." Surely the place of His birth will receive appropriate recognition.

The inheritances yet to be given to the faithful will be in perpetuity—unless forfeited—to all the succeeding generations of the same blood, line and lineage. This will certainly be home in very deed.

There is, however another phase of this subject, and one of the highest importance to both parent and child. Parental responsibility has been defined in sufficient detail so as not to be misunderstood. One of the reasons assigned by the Lord for selecting Abraham as the father of the faithful was "that he will command his children after him, that they shall keep the way of the Lord." No matter to what extent his after generations

might wander from the right faith, the Lord foresaw that he would fulfil every obligation as a father; therefore, he would be relieved of all responsibility for their wrong-doing.

The Psalmist said: "Children are an heritage of the Lord." Surely, then, parents should look to such a priceless possession, and see to it that it does not by any neglect of theirs deteriorate or lose in value. We readily grant that bodily requirements as well as ample secular education should be plentifully supplied, but do we not in too many instances make these of paramount importance, to the neglect often of essentials of far greater value?

Although "Intelligence is the Glory of God," yet there is no record of appreciation by our Father of any superior literary attainments as the result of education in our schools of learning, however commendable we may view them to be. Neither are earthly possessions highly esteemed by our Father; although what are termed riches were in many instances abundantly bestowed on men of unflinching integrity to God's law through special providences; but these were always considered as secondary. But faithfulness and devotion, as exhibited in the lives, character and conduct of many of the noble sons of the ancient worthies, have received special mention, while the greatest regret and sorrow has been expressed in contemplating the result of a wilful departure from the path of rectitude and righteousness, because of the suffering consequent upon such conduct.

According to Enoch's record, the heavens wept in viewing the sufferings that would follow the people in Noah's day because of their iniquities. It is also said that the heavens wept over the "Son of the Morning"—Lucifer—when he was thrust down to earth. Therefore we conclude that the paramount duty of a parent is to instruct his children in the principles of the Gospel, and teach them righteousness, the neglect of which according to the revelation given in November, 1831, makes them solely responsible. The anxiety manifested by the leaders of our Church in the creation of auxiliary organizations of many names for the benefit of our young children, as well as for the youth of Zion, is worthy of our earnest support; but we assert unqualifiedly that every child should come to these gatherings charged with the teachings primarily given by father and mother, for to them belongs the initiation along every line of Gospel information, and

around the family hearth, impressions should be made so deep and lasting that they never will be erased from the mind of the child.

Then, if need be, take the child back to your home, and to your bosoms, and seek to infuse into your offspring the true spirit and genius of the Gospel, so that the word home will call forth expressions of pleasure and kindly remembrances that will reflect upon father and mother the honor due them for their untiring labor and devotion—not merely to their temporal welfare, but to their more important welfare as affecting their spiritual advancement and their eternal well-being.

## Arizona, Bright Star

Hail! Oh, hail to the star! Arizona, bright star!
She's the last and the queen of the proud constellation.
Her clear rays of strong light set the stars all a-flight,
As she came to her crown with a new dispensation;
When the gate swung ajar all the storm-clouds dispersed.
Arizona, bright star! now the last shall be first!

CHORUS

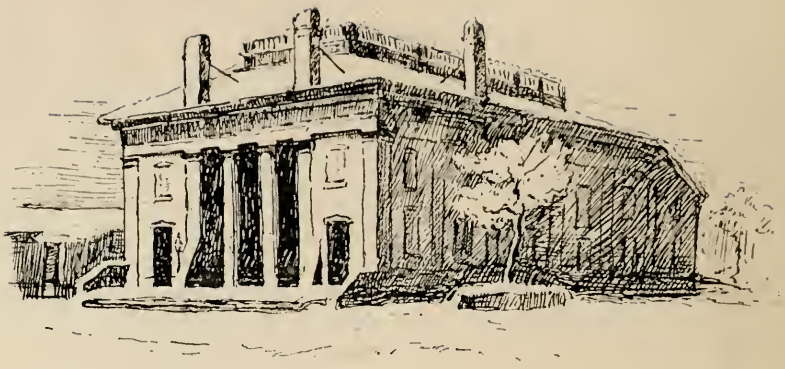
She arose in her glory, and the darkness dispersed;
Arizona, bright star! now the last shall be first!

In the bright hope of youth, with the search-light of truth,
She arose 'mong the stars crown'd with glory and splendor.
While her days shall endure, let her prospects allure
To the light that shall triumph o'er darkness and error.
In her silver light-rays, may each star be immersed,
And fulfil her fond dream, for the last shall be first.

May her past consciousness light her lamps of progress,
As she mounts up the skies in the blue vault of heaven.
May each cloud journey'd through add to luster, bright hue,
Till a halo celestial the star shall be given.
Then, resplendent her flame in full glory shall burst
O'er the blue, and proclaim that the last shall be first!

M. A. Stewart.

MESA, ARIZ.



SKETCH OF THE SALT LAKE THEATRE IN THE EARLY DAYS, BY LEE GREENE RICHARDS, FROM A PHOTO.

# Reminiscences of the Salt Lake Theatre

## Part II—My First Shakespeare Play: Macbeth

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE

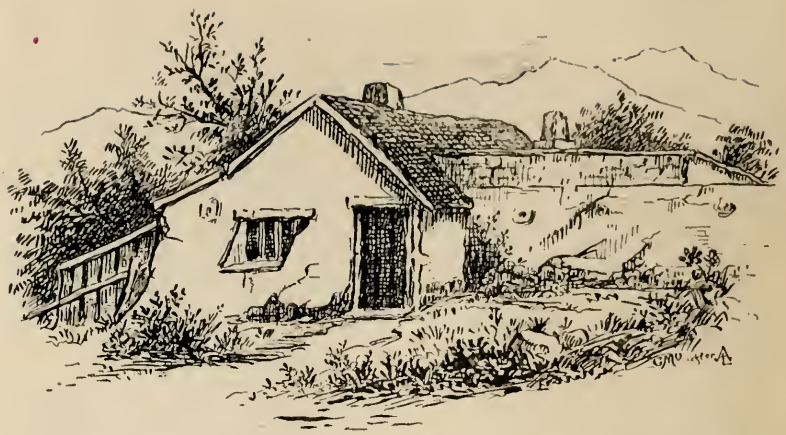
It is felt as a bit of subtle flattery when one is asked to bring back from the past aught concerning one's self, or of others as seen through himself. Twice in our lives we listen to far-away voices—those that come from the Land-of-That-Which-Is-To-Be, and those that come from the Land-of-That-Which-Has-been. Pardon then, my friend, a slight touch of egotism in that which I may tell about the now historic play house. In complying with your request I cannot separate the theatre from my own life-thought. Look through my eyes, then, you must, think through my brain, you shall. Afterwards you may swing as wide a circle of thought around my vision as you will.

In my mind's eye, I do not see the play house as it now is, overlooked by buildings taller than itself, but as the building was when it dominated its locality. How calmly imposing, how grandly massive it then appeared! For many blocks one could then see the theatre, dark in the twilight, or its walls white in the sun and moonlight. I for one could not go from home to the playhouse or

reverse the process without passing through and inhaling the odor of the artemesia and the sunflower. It is in my mind with the thought of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Bulwer, Goldsmith and the Bard of Avon. But how can I bring back the times? How suggest the indefinable something, the pleasure, the pain, the semi-solitude, the isolation? How can I recall the humorous earnestness, the fine or roughness of fibre, the laughing or grim determination, the pathetic side of pioneer life? Yet it is all mixed up with my memories of the theatre.

Swing a circle around this playhouse, I mean as it was in the early days, and how unique it was! It is well nigh impossible I believe for the younger generation to place themselves in the attitude of the pioneers. Those who built, I mean, those who looked upon the plays and those who acted upon the stage of the theatre. The early settlers of New England would have looked upon it as an institution of the devil, and yet it was built by religious pioneers. It was erected by a people who had come over seas and plains and mountains; yes, people who had come through a country infested with savages, and into what had been formerly described as a region where the white man could not dwell, and this to establish a new commonwealth in the western wilderness.

There was a peculiar sympathy between those who acted upon the stage and those who composed the audience. The greater number of actors and actresses who belonged to the regular stock company had crossed the plains and mountains in ox or mule trains, more than one I believe, in a hand-cart company. Many of the men who watched the play at night had done the roughest of pioneer work during the day. Perhaps one had "grubbed sage" for an order for a theatre ticket—perhaps another had toiled in the fields, irrigated an orchard, or dug upon a water ditch. Perhaps one had helped at building a saw-mill or at blazing a trail up to the mountain pines, or he might have worked on a canyon road, or brought down a load of logs. It may be that he had stood for many hours, rain or shine, in the wood-yard then opposite the play house until he had sold that load of firewood, and a part of the pay which he received he might have used for his theatre admission fee. Yes there was a strange bond of friendship existing between the stage and the



ON THE ROAD TO THE THEATRE—A PIONEER HOME, BY G. M. OTTINGER.

auditorium. All were friends. They met in daily labor, they met in the dance, they would bear their testimony in the same meeting-house. The man who guffawed at the comedian, might talk with him on the morrow whilst he chiselled granite in the Temple Square. Another who watched the tragedian might visit him in the capacity of teacher during the coming week. Another who sympathized with the hero and heroine might soon meet them in social intercourse, and they might tell how they gathered in the same company, recalling the crossing of the plains in the same ox-train, or the seas in the same vessel. On the morrow, perhaps, all would look with like emotions on the great mountains, and might take a like interest in the planting of trees and vines, the setting out of flowers. All were alike interested in bringing about that miracle—when the desert should blossom as the rose.

That was the strong time of the legitimate drama. Even the people of the west became connoisseurs. People would go not to see a new play, but to see a new actor in an old part. How many actors did I see in the play of Hamlet? Pauncefort, Lyne, Adams, Kean, McCullough, Davenport, Miss Evans, Chaplin, Barrett, Booth—that is not half. But now I recall my first witnessing of the tragedy of Macbeth.

And how many times did I see the play of Macbeth? But never mind! The announcement of the tragedy used to be posted in the Tithing Office and on the Eagle Gates, and on the door of the Church blacksmith shop, too. No actor will again see this quaint




THE EAGLE GATE IN EARLY DAYS—BY MAHONRI M. YOUNG.

old shop—the gray adobe wall, the wheel and the burdock-edged flume reflected in the mountain stream. No actor will read the announcement of his own appearance posted on the massive door. It was strange, that rustic scene—so near so nearly a perfect playhouse. Many an actor in those days walked at the twilight and sat on the embankment to "pull himself together," as stage people say, ere he went to the theatre to take his part for the night. Yes, many an actor and actress of world-wide fame sat by that rustic mill and quaint old shop and listened to the voice of the "Noisy Water," as it hurried by. Ah! well may one say it was all unique.

On that night on which I first attended a Shakespearean play, the sound of the cracking of whips and the commands of "Gee" and "Haw," to the cattle that had dragged an emigrant wagon, were hardly out of my ears. From the mouth of the canyon I had seen a white oblong building above an oasis of green, it was the playhouse, and above it, from that point of view, and on that day, was a strange, huge curve, and this was the just erected central arch of the big new Tabernacle. So my memories of Macbeth are mingled with my first view of the city and valley.



THE CHURCH BLACKSMITH SHOP, BY JAMES T. HARWOOD.

On that Saturday night, during the performance of the tragedy, a terrific storm burst over the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, the lightning quivered, the peals of thunder were like the crack of doom, then reverberations penetrated into every recess of the half-filled theatre. At times hardly could one hear Mr. Pauncefort as the Thane of Glamis and of Cawdor, he who should be "King hereafter," when he uttered the words:

> "Is this a dagger which I see before me,
> The handle toward my hand?"

There was no need for the property man to produce the artificial thunder; Nature was supplying the actual in a far more effective manner.

> "Twas a rough night,
> My young remembrance cannot parallel
> A fellow to it."

Yes, that is true; the theatre fairly shook. As Lenox told of the horses of King Duncan; as the ghost of Banquo entered the banquet hall; when Hecate and the witches met, and as the apparitions rose above the rim of the infernal Cauldron, still the great storm went on. The actors were nervous and the audience

too. Through the upper windows above the stage—through the sky-lights of the scene-painter's gallery, came such blinding flashes of light as dimmed for the time the illumination of the coal-oil lamps. It was a performance to remember.

But this is something that I wish to tell: when the witches sang:

"To the echo, to the echo, to the echo
Of some hollow hill."

They were witches indeed: they were witches on that Saturday night, but on Sunday they were the Tabernacle Choir, the wives and daughters of the Pioneers. I remember that they sang:

"Be lifted up! Be lifted up, all ye Gates!"

And also

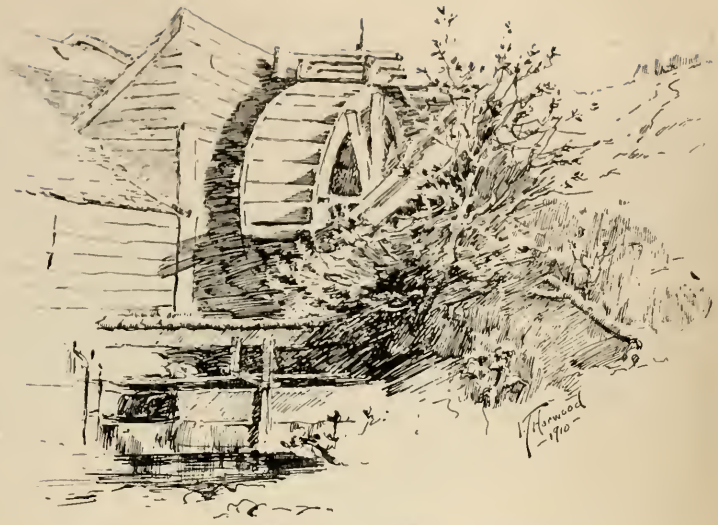
"How beautiful upon the mountains
Are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings."

"Truth is stranger than fiction;" it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." Yes that is surely so. As I returned home on that night from the playhouse,there might have been read —posted on the Eagle Gate—and by the light of the storm-cleared moon, a notice of reward, issued by the Governor of the Territory for the apprehension of a murderer. After looking at the play of Macbeth it wrought a peculiar effect upon the mind of the boy who stopped to read it.

I remember a few facts that make me sigh or smile at the present time and which give some idea of the difference of theatricals in those days from what they are now.

"Your city has changed its character." These words were spoken by the English actor Couldock. He stepped down on his farewell tour of the West, not from a mail-coach as he had formerly done, but from the railway carriage; not at the old hostelry, on East Temple Street, but at the railway station. Couldock missed, and lamented for, the clear mountain waters that once rippled along through our streets; the quiet gardens and the orchards, and with these lacking, he also missed a certain quality in the people themselves—the simplicity and geniality that they possessed in the earlier days.

It is true that he who played so well the part of Macbeth, died the proprietor of a Japanese tea-garden. It is true that I



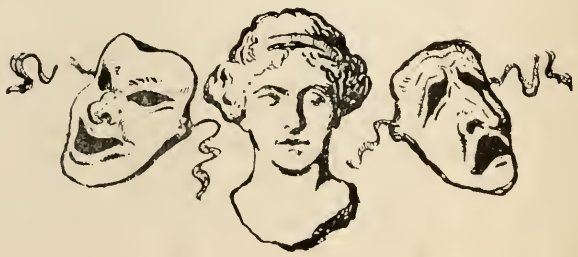
THE RUSTIC MILL, BY JAMES T. HARWOOD.

have read, cut in the marble above the one who played Lady Macbeth, the words:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task has done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages."

It is true that I afterwards became acquainted with the terrible Hecate; that he handed me out, through an opening in the upper half of the Tithing Office basement door, so many pounds of meat—beef or mutton; it is also true that I afterwards talked with Macduff and Banquo about the allowancing of potatoes, and that "Lady Macbeth's gentlewoman" once advised me to hurry with my tin pail to the Tithing Office Produce store as she believed that the officials there were distributing a cask of molasses.

And so I recall "Shakespeare's Sublime Tragedy, Macbeth; King of Scotland."





SEVENTEENTH WARD CHAPEL, SALT LAKE CITY

# "Mormon" Sunday Schools

[The ERA is requested to print the following comments on the Sunday Schools of the Latter-day Saints, and particularly relating to that of the Seventeenth ward, Salt Lake City, over which James Dwyer was superintendent for ten years. He was appointed by President John Henry Smith, then bishop of that ward, and had charge of the Sunday School from 1876 to 1886. He introduced new methods from the start, and the school has been kept in a straight line of progression ever since, maintaining the same high standard under the management of its present superintendent, George S. McAllister, and his splendid corps of assistants and faithful teachers. The bishopric of the ward also take great interest in the welfare of the school. It is one of the schools which all workers who come to Salt Lake City should visit. A stranger from the East gave the following account of his visit to the School, and the Sunday Schools of the L. D. S. in general, which was printed in the *Deseret News,* at the time.—EDITORS.]

It is a pleasure to turn, once in a while, from the abuse and villification that flow constantly from the impure anti-"Mormon" sources, to the words of praise and commendation of impartial

observers of conditions in Utah. For that reason, says the *News,* we copy below part of an article in the New Haven, Conn., *Journal and Courier,* of August 5, 1907, written by Mr. E. C. Knapp, who is touring the West in the interest of Sunday School work. The *Courier* copies it from the *Hartford Times.* Mr. Knapp, after a few words on the growth of the "Mormon" Church, answers the question, How do you account for it? as follows:

One reason is because the "Mormon" Sunday Schools are the best in the country. I have visited the largest and best Sunday Schools in the United States, such as the Wanamaker Presbyterian school in Philadelphia, the Bushwick Avenue Methodist in Brooklyn, N. Y., the Calvary Baptist, in Washington, the St. George's Episcopal in New York, the Marion Lawrence Congregational in Toledo, the Hyde Park Baptist and the Moody Sunday schools in Chicago; the Paulist Father Catholic, the Temple Emmanuel Hebrew schools in New York, and it was my pleasure on July 14th to visit the "Mormon" Sunday Schools in Salt Lake City, and I can truthfully say that they are the best I have ever visited. The Temple Emmanuel Hebrew in New York comes the nearest to them because it meets for the same period, namely 10 to 12 on Sunday, and has separate class rooms and graded subject matter. However, this Hebrew school has paid teachers, while the "Mormon" does not. Moreover, the "Mormon" is superior to the Hebrew in that adults are present in the "Mormon" schools in large numbers.

Speaking of his impressions during a visit to the Seventeenth Ward Sunday School, Mr. Knapp says:

I am not a "Mormon," and do not believe in some of their doctrines, but I admire them for their zeal, business ability, and common sense in Sunday School work, and I want to give them due credit. I arrived a little early and was given a cordial greeting by three different parties; I was invited to the platform and givn a seat at the right of the superintendent, where I could easily see the school. For five minutes the organist played a prelude, not a "rag-time" selection, but a suitable one. Promptly at 10 o'clock the superintendent stood in his place and the school became perfectly quiet. The doors were closed and late comers were admitted only at five or ten minutes intervals. The attention and order were excellent. The singing was good and there was a worshipful atmosphere unlike that in the average non-"Mormon" school. At the close of the thirty-minute opening service about ten minutes were taken for practicing one or two new songs. The school then separated into their classes, the majority of them going into separate class rooms in the basement, which, by the way, was by no means dark and damp. For one hour the classes met for

good, thorough instruction. There were more men teachers than women teachers. There were fully as many boys, young men and men, as girls, young ladies and women. Each room was well supplied with blackboard, maps and charts. Each teacher used the catechetical methods. The boys and girls were well prepared with their lessons, even though it was the middle of July. I visited nearly all the classes, and was especially pleased with the fine kindergarten department, equipment, program., etc., was also delighted with the parents' class. It was refreshing to visit a Sunday School and see the substantial church element, the cultivated men and women, present in large numbers.

The writer was favorably impressed with the "parents' class." He says:

"I hold in my hand a booklet entitled 'Sunday School Outlines of the Parents' Department.' In it I read the following: 'The object of the parents' class is: First, to aid the parents in general culture; and secondly, to bring about a closer relationship between the home and the Sunday School, that parents may give more efficient aid in the general work of the Sunday school. Also, It is desired that parents will manifest an interest in getting children to be punctual, and to be regular in attendance; to take an active part in the singing, and in memory work; and above all, that the parents will impress their children with the importance of preparing lessons; in brief, parents' classes aim to establish unity between the home and the Sunday School.

"The parents discuss such themes as 'Environment, Good and Bad;' 'Habit,' 'Home Government,' etc. The Sunday I visited in this class they were discussing 'Children's Duties.'

"The 'Mormons' believe that Christian character is as important as the 'almighty dollar.' Their schools are well equipped because they put money into them. They do not hope to carry on their Sunday school work with 'penny collections,' as some schools do. When the 'Mormons' go in the Church, they contribute one-tenth of their income each year, besides giving hours and days to their Church and Sunday school work free gratis. No wonder the 'Mormon' Church is growing so rapidly. It can make many another church blush with shame."

Mr. Knapp further draws the following contrast:

"After visiting the 'Mormon' school from ten to twelve o'clock, I visited one of the Methodist schools at Salt Lake. I was told it was one of the largest and best in the city. The contrast was great; instead of beginning at 12:15 the school began at 12:25 because the church service ran over ten minutes. The Sunday School was only

one-fourth as large as the church attendance. There were not enough teachers. The singing was poor; not all of them opened their hymn books, and some classes did not sing at all. There were few adults, and twice as many girls as boys. The poorest feature was the responsive reading. On the first verse only one class responded. Many late comers broke into the opening service. There were whispering and laughing during the opening service, and even during the prayer. This is not an overdrawn picture; I can reproduce it in many a city in this country today.

"Facts are stubborn things, and yet there is nothing so eloquent as facts. The non-'Mormon' churches will have better Sunday Schools when they get their eyes open to the great work done by the 'Mormon' schools. If the 'Mormons' believe so thoroughly in Sunday School work and early religious instruction that they readily give money, time and ability to it, they deserve to come to the front; and if the dormant constituency in the average non-'Mormon' church does not consider the Sunday school worth while, their churches or schools deserve to go to the wall. Let us hope that during the next decade the non-'Mormon' churches put at least 50 per cent as much thought, time and money into their Sunday schools as the 'Mormons' do."

No comment is needed. It should be encouraging to our Sunday School teachers to know that their labor of love is appreciated even by visitors who know something about such work. It should encourage them to still further continue their efforts. Some Utah preachers go abroad and represent the people here as heathens who know nothing of God, or the moral code. Our Sunday School work is a grand refutation of such slanders, and that is but one branch of the untiring, magnificent work by the Church for the uplifting of mankind.

## The Inspiration of Cheer

There's a new thought in my mind today.
It bids me climb the mountainous way
With a cheerful heart, never minding the smart
    Of my thorn-pierced feet;
But plod steadily on up to the snow-capped peak,
Singing my song, that others who seek
    The summit to gain,
    Hearing the notes, may forget their pain.

RUTH MAY FOX

# Scenes in Denmark

BY ELDER STEPHEN H. CHIPMAN

Owing to the dubious help received from some of our enemies to "Mormonism," in the way of slanderous lectures and degrading picture shows, and particularly one entitled "A 'Mormon' Victim," the giving away of literature urging the driving away of the Latter-day Saints from Denmark, and the attitude to-



AN ANCIENT DANISH MONASTERY

wards us by ministers who profess to be the teachers of the humble doctrines of our Lord and Savior,—thinking people have been awakened to an investigation of our doctrines, and the result is that we have added many to our ranks. Any honest person may easily recognize the contrast between the offensive spirit directed against us and the spirit of our Savior in the parable of the good Samaritan. The Danish people as a rule are too honest and independent to hear of and believe persecutions of this kind

without investigating; and when they do investigate the doctrines of Jesus Christ as taught by the Latter-day Saints, the people are found to be too good and noble to be affected by mean attacks of unprincipled men.



No. 2

Picture No. 1 represents one of the many ancient monasteries now remaining which remind us of the history of the forefathers of this country and their mode of life. (See cut at head of article.)



No. 3

Number 2 is one of the trenches or moats built around one of these convents for protection against foes in times of war. These foes were mostly Germans and Swedes.

Number 3 is a typical country home, showing the mode of dress, and the low-roofed houses found everywhere scattered throughout the country. A little string of fish shown in the picture reminds us that Denmark is a fishing country.

Picture 4 is a fishing craft being started on a trip upon the



No. 5



No. 7

uneasy waters of the North Sea, on the west coast of Denmark. (See the end piece.)

Number 5 shows one of the beautiful forests with which Denmark is dotted. These forests furnish hunting and other amusements for thousands of pleasure-loving people, in summer time. The picture shows a deer which I succeeded in reaching close enough to photograph, after an effort of two hours spent mostly on my hands and knees.

Picture number 7 shows Elders Christian Anderson and Stephen H. Chipman, dressed in the every-day garb of Danish workmen.

Picture number 8 shows the elders laboring in Brovst, Aalborg conference: Christian Mortensen, Salem, Idaho, and Stephen H. Chipman, American Fork, Utah.



No. 8

AALBORG, DENMARK.



FISHING CRAFT ON THE SHORE OF THE NORTH SEA



STONE ARCHES RISE FROM THE WATER AND ARE REFLECTED THEREIN

# Cuernavaca

## The Oriental City of the Western Hemisphere

BY ELIZABETH R. CANNON

Cuernavaca, Mexico, is a dream-city in a painted land. To the east belong its palms silhouetted against a pastel sky, its opalescent peaks in the distance, its flat, red-tiled roofs, with an occasional Byzantine dome, its pink and yellow and pea-green houses, its quaint cobble-stone streets fringed with voluptuously flowering oleanders, its Madonna-like women, lurking in church doorways, its biblical-looking girls, carrying water jars on their heads, and an occasional Mary, seated on an ass, cuddling a big-eyed, brown baby to her bosom.

The open air market in the plaza resembles an Oriental bazaar. It is at its best in the early morning, for long before

dawn, along the well worn ruts, have come the wares, some on the backs of burros, others on the backs of more patient men, and, more the shame, a few on the shoulders of women. The first glimpse in the brilliant sunlight cooled by a canyon breeze, gives an intoxicating sense of color. Tropical man, like parrots and butterflies, revels in the wealth of golds, crimsons, and greens. Under awnings of white cloth the market women squat behind their wares, displayed on rush mats. There is pottery formed in many shapes, set with mosaics and ornamented with lizards and heads of Maximilian. There are baskets plaited by hand, for this country offers the anomaly of having hand-made things cheaper than machine made. There are heaps of strange tropical fruits and luscious green vegetables which they sell by the cent's worth. After seeing the flower stalls, with their fragrant bunches of gardenias and narcissus, one can understand why the honey of this region is redolent with perfume. While the women sell and barter, the men engage in petty gambling games in the gutter, and at a convenient corner stands the pawn-shop, the most widely patronized institution of the town. In this, neatly ticketed, are many household treasures, varying from the nina's doll to her mother's irons. Here are old, felt sombreros trimmed with tarnished silver braid, that might tell of stirring times, and beside them are rare old blankets of rainbow hue.



A MOORISH FOUNTAIN

Here stands the palace of Cortez, which was an adjunct to his sugar hacienda, not many miles away. They show you the room where he smothered his wife (remarkable how many wives he had to dispose of), although I believe the house at Coyocan disputes this with the palace; nay, goes a step farther, for it shows you the well down which he threw her body afterward. Here, among the lotus eaters, he came with his Indian love, Donna Marina, for a post mortem honeymoon, before he abandoned her to marry a duchess. Being a great conqueror, Cortez had always

labored under the idea that he ought to marry a great lady. "You will never prosper again," the Indian interpreter told him, nor did he. Then, being a sensible woman, with both beauty and fortune left, she promptly turned around and married another Spaniard. There, too, is the church built by Cortez, with the ancient sepulchres of some of the conquerors themselves in the yard, brooded over by a great umbrella tree. In the dim vista of the cathedral may be distinguished the pale luster of the silver and blue altar. Before a bleeding figure of the Savior an old man with hoary head lies flat, with arms extended, on the cold stone, expiating some sin. A mother kneels before Our Lady of Sorrows, praying for her absent son, and a young girl who has been supplicating St. Anthony, patron saint of marriage, arises with a sigh, and glancing hastily around, as if afraid of being seen, nervously draws her hebosa to hide her face and her secret, both.



A PATIO

An old world garden in New Spain is the Borda. Picturesque lakes, bounded by portals and moss-grown terraces, battlemented walls and Moorish fountains, have been enclosed by the jungle. Beneath the guavas and the mammeys the coffee snows its white blossoms. Creepy, tropical vines hug the ancient walls, and roses and laurel fight bravely for existence, amid more flaunting tropic blossoms. Yellow pond lilies are mirrored in the yellow lake. Despite the swans that float thereon, the mariposa butterflies that coquet flirtatiously from flower to flower, and the lizard that creeps out upon the pavement once trod by the foot of an empress, the whole place seems dead, with the pregnant silence of the jungle. It reminds one of Omar and his Persian garden:

> "I sometimes think that never blows so red
> The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled.
> That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
> Dropt in her lap from some once lovely Head."

This garden has its own dead. Of them Huberta, daughter of the inn-keeper of the Hotel Morelos, told me, as we loitered on its moss-grown terraces and looked from the mirador over the barranca at the hills turning to ashes of roses. The gardens were built by Jose de la Borda, a Frenchman, who took millions out of his mines at Tasco. Since he worked the Indians as slaves, he eased his conscience by giving a million dollars for a church, and with another he built these gardens for his own delectation. What he did with the other forty-odd millions, history does not state, but, like ill-gotten gains, it seemed to have vanished into the earth whence it came. Borda's son, a monk, loved an Indian girl, and, having two children by her, he offered $20,000 to the Pope to legitimatize them. The Pope refused the bribe and the edict, and the younger Borda and his money bags disappeared in these very gardens—probably slugged. Here Carlota, alone, dreamed her dreams of empire, and the shades of madness fell upon her. Maximilian, seven miles away, tried, in the blandishments of Indian dancing girls, to forget what the Mexicans were going to do to him. He left there to be shot, at the order of a Zopotec Indian. The present owner of the gardens is in the insane asylum, and the lawyers are quarreling over the residue. Even the tenant, a sensible woman who runs a curiosity shop, has troubles of her own. The gardens are haunted. Instead of the regulation white, this ghost appears in full armor, and carries a gun. Whether it is the spirit of the murdered monk, or a live person interested in finding Borda's buried millions, he has been successful in driving everyone off the premises. Even a doughty Englishwoman, who valorously set up her bed in the front room, only stayed one night. The present tenant and her two daughters have made solemn affidavit that they have seen this ghost. As soon as they get better acquainted with him they will write a book on the subject. The evening shadows turned the yellow terraces gray, a lizard darted in front of us, and young America precipitately fled the gardens.

Returning to the hotel, we climbed up to the roof garden, and here, reclining luxuriously, amid the purple bougainvillæa and palms, we busied ourselves watching the preparations for the night at an inn, such as they have in the holy land, which shelters man and beast. Amid the braying of asses and stamping of

horses, picturesque mozos were going about with fat, lighted candles, and I imagine that some of the guests hugged their fighting cocks to their breasts.

At Huberta's desk, in her room, between the patios (which are gardens in the middle of the house, vaulted by the blue sky of heaven), I stared at her row of books and marveled at what realms the Spanish language opened up, for there was Boccaccio in Italian, Cervantes in Spanish, De Musset in French. But I had no inclination to open a book, for the strains of a Mexican orchestra were wafted up on zephyrs redolent with the scent of magnolia and orange-blossoms, and the narcotic fragrance of the strange flower which only exudes its perfume at night. As the last wail of the violin died away, there came the splash of the tropic rain on the plantains.

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## Memorial

(April 15, 1912)

A hush has fallen on the heart, a silence on the lips,
Expression bears the quivering lines of pain,
(For life must ever agonize for death;)
And through the stillness breaks, like falling rain,
The tears of those who mourn their noble dead.

The great unshrouded dead, but not unknelled,
For long as shall the sea its wonder roll,
In rhythm of the ceaseless ebb and flow
Must sound a fuller note, each hero's toll,
To name him o'er and o'er as hallowed.

A hush has fallen on the heart, a silence on the lips,
For souls with selfless love, grown strongly brave.
O tones of melody breathed out with life,
Ye echo and re-echo from the wave,
To teach man how to die and how to live!

Grace Ingles Frost.

WATERLOO, UTAH

# The Open Road

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS UNIVERSITY

*Stage V—Which Relates How Brocketts Meets a New Friend and Gets in a Temper Over an Old One.*

There was no one in the book store that evening except the book-seller himself, a lithe, nimble figure, who, like the particles of ether, kept up a perpetual motion. James Dargan's friends, when they ventured on an explanation at all, attributed his intense activity to the fact that he was Irish. But everybody has known sons of Erin who moved as slowly as a state legislature when the people want something done in a hurry. No one, however, tried to explain why he had such a scanty growth of whiskers on his face. And there was never the least doubt that to his propensity to bob about so quickly from place to place was to be attributable the fact that his hair inclined to curliness, for the ends of it were constantly endeavoring to anticipate the direction in which its owner would go next, and getting very much twisted in consequence.

If there were books and book stores in the pre-existent state, then certainly James Dargan was a book-seller before he came here. For no man of this calling ever proved more to the manor born. He could name over the principal newspapers and magazines of America as fast as a hotel waiter can run off the bill-of-fare, and that, too, without giving you the impression that you were hearing for the first time a foreign tongue. He knew the name of every book you would be likely to want, and could tell you what it contained and whether you would be interested in it or not. And he was as enthusiastic over his affairs as he was full of information. Once you got under his spell, you invariably went away with a volume under your arm. That you did not pay for it on the spot was neither here nor there with him. His mission in life was to get you to read.

As I started to say, on this particular evening Mr. Dargan was dodging here and there about the store, putting this book where it would show to better advantage, rearranging the papers on his desk, straightening things generally before the busy morrow, and looking up now and then from his work to see what the prospects were for a customer. Once he looked eagerly in the direction of the front window where a boy was peering through the glass to read the titles of some volumes there.

"That's three times this half hour he's looked at those books," said Mr. Dargan in his quick manner of speech, as if to somebody near him. "Guess he needs help. I'll go out there and see."

But before he reached the door the boy was gone. He returned, though, presently, and the book-seller invited him in. It was Brocketts.

"Come in, my boy, come in!" Mr. Dargan was saying enthusiastically. "I knew you wanted a book. This is the only book store in town"—which was literally true. "And I can help you to pick out a good one. There are books and books," he rattled on voluminously. "But a good many people don't know that. They think everything's done if they are only reading. That's not true, though, my boy, is it?"

Brocketts said he thought it was very far from the truth.

"Exactly! There are some books that'll stand you on your head, morally speaking, before you've gone ten pages. You know that, too, very likely?"

"I haven't read much, sir."

"Well. you've plenty of time before you. You intend to read, don't you?"

"Yes, sir; I like reading."

"To be sure, to be sure! And I've—I've—got exactly what you want."

And suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, Mr. Dargan almost ran to the rear of the store and pulled out a volume.

"Here's a good book for young men—something that'll fill them with "ginger" and "go." It tells you about men who have succeeded and how they've succeeded. *Self-Help* it's called—by Samuel Smiles. Have you ever read it?"

Brocketts had not.

"Well, then, it's just the book for you!" And he thrust the volume into the hands of the boy.

Brocketts, however, looked puzzled. He had no money with him. It was hardly probable that Mr. Dargan was giving him the book. The book-man saw his embarrassment and relieved it by—

"Oh, if you haven't the money it doesn't matter. I'll trust you. Take the book and pay me when you can. I've trusted hundreds and never lost a red cent by it yet."

"But I've got money at home!" Brocketts protested. "I'll go there and get some—it isn't far. How much is it?"

"A dollar and a quarter."

And Brocketts went hastily out. In a few minutes, however, he came back very much excited.

"I've been robbed, Mr. Dargan—somebody's stolen my money. I had it on the shelf in a small baking powder can!"

"You don't say so!" said Mr. Dargan in astonishment. "A boy's hard earnings deliberately stolen, and in Great Salt Lake City! Well, things have come to a pretty pass. Tell me about it."

"All I know about it is that I had seven dollars and eighty-five cents in a baking-powder can last night, because I counted it—and now it's gone. I've been saving it for eight weeks, and it was all I had."

The tears stood in the boy's eyes, but it would be unmanly to shed them.

"And do you know who took it?"

"I think I do. It's a young fellow that used to work at Bernstein's. He saw me counting it a few nights ago when he tried to get me to go out with his crowd at night and I wouldn't go. I'll lambaste him good for that, you bet your bottom dollar!"

"Now that's entirely wrong—what's your name?"

"Brocketts, sir."

"Well, that's not right, Brocketts—not right."

"What'd he go and do that sneaking thing for, then?" Brocketts wanted to know.

"Because he was a sneak himself, if he did it. But that—"

"Oh, he did it all right—I know him."

"What I was going to say was: Suppose he did it, that doesn't excuse you when you take the law into your own hands. You can't get your money back anyhow. It's gone. And then you'll be dirtying your hands. Men who respect themselves don't do that sort of thing. Take my advice and let him alone."

Brocketts said nothing.

"Why didn't you put your money in the bank?" queried the book-man.

"I didn't know about it," Brocketts answered. "Is there a bank here?"

"Why yes—it's just across the street from here. Put your next money there; it'll be safe and will draw interest besides."

"That's what I ought to have done, sure." Brocketts was lured from his anger by the prospects, as Mr. Dargan knew he would be.

"But never mind about what's gone," the book-man repeated. "Put your next savings in the bank and get five per cent interest."

"That's what I'll do. Only, it's hard not to think about that dog of a Tom doing—"

"Hold on!" Mr. Dargan cried, "you don't know for sure that he did it. I've had worse experiences than that, and I've learned that it's poor business crying over spilt milk—poor business."

Brocketts looked at his friend expectantly.

"My father kicked me out of doors when I was younger than you are, Brocketts. He was a hot-tempered man, was my father. From that day I had to make my own living—like you.

"And how old were you?"

"Oh, I couldn't have been more than fourteen. My father was the largest wholesaler and retailer in Rochester, New York. I remember going that night to the place where the Spiritualists held their meetings, and hunting for a man I thought would help me. The man was not there—no one was there; and so I lay on the floor all night to rest. I've had many a night like that, Brocketts. We've got to put up with a good deal in the way of bad fortune in this world, through men and things. That's what we have."

This incident at once put the two on a common footing. Brocketts wondered how Mr. Dargan had won his success. How he would have liked to know!

"And so you're working for Bernstein? How long have you been with him?"

Brocketts told him. He gave him more information than this question called for. He talked of his own struggles from the time he left the orphanage till his recent rise in fortunes with his employer. But how he got into the orphanage and how he meant to find his father and mother some day, he kept to himself. That was a secret he meant to preserve from the profanation of revealment.

Mr. Dargan listened with a sympathy for the poor, lone boy which few men in Salt Lake City could have felt, on account of his own orphaned experiences. The hearts of these two were bound together with the strongest bonds of affection.

"Well, I must be going," Brocketts said, "I 've been here a long time. I'll leave the book here till I can pay for it down. Mr. Bernstein says it's a bad thing for a boy to get into debt."

"Debt is a bad thing, as you say," the book-seller observed, "But you take *Self-Help* with you just the same. I'll *give* it to you. Take it with my compliments. Here," he went on, reaching for the volume, which Brocketts had held in his hands during the conversation, "I'll write something in it."

And almost before Brocketts could say anything Mr. Dargan had written the boy's name in it, with his own compliments, and given it back to him, with the remark—

"There, Brocketts, it's your very own. Read it carefully. That'll be all the pay I want, for I know it'll do you good."

And the young man went home book in hand and inexpressible lightness at heart.

*Stage VI— Wherein Brocketts and Mr. Dargan Come to an Important Decision*

"Well, Brocketts, and what do you think of Samuel Smiles by this time?"

Brocketts was in the book store again, a few evenings later than that on which Dargan had given him the copy of *Self-Help*.

"Fine!" was the answer. "Best book I ever read! I sat up reading it all that first night and finished it the next."

"You are a great reader, to be sure," the book-man cried, with open admiration. "It's a good book, no doubt about that—

the best book ever written for boys that have anything in them. What's that you've got?"

"Oh, its *Self Help*—I brought it with me. I want to ask you a question."

"All right, sir," Mr. Dargan said cheerfully. Nevertheless he reached for the book as if *he* and not Brocketts was to ask the question. The boy gave him the book. "I always like to see a book that's been read just to find out what they've done with it," the book-seller commented ungrammatically as he turned the pages. "I see you've marked it up a good deal."

"Why, did I do wrong to mark it?" Brocketts inquired doubtfully.

"No, no! certainly not! That shows you've read it carefully. What's all this margin on the book for if it isn't to make marks on? Let's see, now, what passages you've liked." And he read aloud some of the underlined sentences—

" 'Might I give counsel to any young man, I would say to him try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in life, that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what great men admired; they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.' "

"That's from Thackeray, and very true," observed Mr. Dargan. "Very true. What's this?" and he read again—

" 'The poorest have sometimes taken the highest places, nor have difficulties apparently the most insuperable proved obstacles in their way. Those very difficulties, in many instances, would even seem to have been their best helpers, by evoking their powers of labor and endurance, and stimulating into life faculties which might otherwise have lain dormant.' "

A customer came in at this point, was waited on, and went out.

"Talking about difficulties, Brocketts," said Mr. Dargan, returning to the stove, where the two had been sitting—"talking about obstacles and their being helps instead of a hindrance, I know in my own experiences how true that is. Difficulties have been the making of me—what little there is made."

"And that's exactly what my question's about," cried Brocketts. *Self-Help* is a great book and I like it ever so much. But

I'd like it better if it told more about each man and *how* he got on. If you wouldn't mind telling me, I'd like to know how you succeeded. I'd rather have that than anything."

"Very well, Brocketts, and you shall have it. But first I've got to sell this man a book."

The man was just coming in. He was waited on. Mr. Dargan returned to the stove, and began his story.

"Climbing hills is what makes us, my lad, if there's anything in us to be made—I mean business hills. I'm glad now that my life hasn't been on the plain, else I shouldn't have been worth a copper, except these little red pieces that you can put into your pocket."

Mr. Dargan was a very demonstrative man. That is why, at this point, he actually put his hand into his left trousers pocket, pulled out eleven cent pieces, and exhibited them on the palm of his hand. His young friend having looked at them with great amazement, the book-seller proceeded:

"I was quite a young man when I came to Utah. I hadn't a friend here—not a soul that I knew. And so I had to get along as best I could. I hadn't any money, either, and I wanted to set up in business. Now, what do you think I did?"

Brocketts put on a puzzled air for a moment, as if he were in deep thought over a great problem.

"Well, you never could guess. So I'll tell you. I borrowed five dollars—just five dollars, of Brother Fotheringham—good old soul—he's dead now. I borrowed five dollars of him, sent back to New York City for some newspapers and magazines, and set up a news stand in the Constitution Building. That seems a long time ago, now. Well, I sold those papers like hot cakes, ordered some more, and sold them, till I paid back that five dollars and got a good start.

"In a little while everybody, nearly, was reading the *New York Ledger,* the *Home and Fireside,* the *Youth's Companion,* and a dozen others that I brought here for the first time. I dealt only in newspapers and magazines then. And I'll tell you what I've seen. Of a Saturday morning, when the papers came in, I've seen a line of people nearly a block long, like theatre goers at the ticket office, waiting their turn to get a paper at my shop.

That's what I've seen. I had a long row of boys folding papers and selling them as fast as they could.

"After that I got a supply of books. There's more money in books than in papers. But I didn't give up the papers entirely. I set up a stand at the Hampton House to catch the tourist trade. That was just after the railroad came here. I've still got the stand there.

"Only last year I bought several thousand copies of the Book of Mormon the *Deseret News* people had on hand, and sold every jack one of them. Then I sent East for over a thousand copies of a large octavo edition of the Book of Mormon that some publishing house there had got out, and I sold them. It was a rare and beautiful edition—the finest I ever saw.

"And now, you see, I've got this store sixty feet by two hundred, the walls lined with books—all paid for. I don't owe a man in the world so much as a red copper—not a red copper. It's not a good thing to owe anybody anything for more than thirty days. That's my policy."

"But *how* did you do it, Mr. Dargan—*how* did you do all this?"

"You mean what principles did I follow?" asked the genial book-man.

"I guess that's what I mean—I don't quite know."

Brocketts had listened to this narrative like a three years' child, and he wanted to hear something more—something that would help *him* in his work.

"Well, first I decided what I wanted to do," continued Mr. Dargan. 'You can't do anything till you've decided that. Anyway, I couldn't. A good many young men waste their time doing now this and now that, instead of lighting on some one thing and sticking to it. Before I was your age I had determined to be a book-seller, and the best one in the land. I don't know how good a one I am, or how poor a one I am, because there are no others here; but I know I've done my best in a business I like. And not everybody can say that, Brocketts."

"Sure!" was the young man's emphatic assent.

"And then, again, I've never been afraid of work. Work—that's the thing. You know, I don't believe much in genius. Those boys who believe they have genius are generally lazy.

They're not afraid of work, either. Not they. For they can lie right down by it and not be a bit scared. But they don't *do* any of it, I notice. They are everlastingly looking about for a soft snap. I've seen a good deal of this world, Brocketts, but never a soft snap have I seen. I've always had to work, and work hard. It's a good thing.

"But a man's got to have more than something to do and work hard at it."

Unconsciously Mr. Dargan found himself preaching instead of narrating. But Brocketts—eager, open-eyed and open-minded Brocketts—did not know the difference.

"A man's got to think if he's to get on in the world. He has to do two kinds of thinking.

"First, he's got to keep his information account open and always ready for deposits. Once he closes his information account, it's all up with him. He may as well close shop. He ought to know absolutely everything about his business. The feelers of his mind ought to be always out. As long as there's something about your affairs that you don't know, you're always in danger.

"That's one kind of thinking. The other kind is about something beyond what you're doing now.

"If you're in business for yourself, you've got to study how to promote it; if you're working for somebody else, you've got to study how to be promoted. No business man ever promotes a man who does no more than give satisfaction in what he's doing. He must show capacity to do *more,* to do something *higher.*

"I'll tell you a story, Brocketts. It's about myself, and may sound like bragging; but it's true as the gospel.

"I used to be a clerk in a book-store back in Rochester. That was after I'd been sent away from home. It was a big concern and employed eight clerks. Well, I was at the foot of the list, partly on account of my being so young, partly because I was the newest clerk. But I wanted to get on as much as the oldest of them. So I studied the book business. It was not long before I knew the names of all the books in that store and where every one of them was to be found. If I do say it myself, I was the only clerk there that did know these two things; for time and again I had heard the clerks tell our customers, when they asked for cer-

tain books, that we didn't have them in stock—and all the time I knew we had. Of course I didn't say anything to them about it.

"But one evening after all the rest had gone home—it was Saturday evening—I went to my employer.

" 'Mr. Fleming,' I said, 'I think I can be of more service to you.'

"He looked at me. 'How so?' he asked.

" 'Why,' I answered, 'there's no method or system in the arrangement of these books here. And you're losing money by it every day. If a clerk doesn't know the name of every book in the store and where it's found, he doesn't know whether we've got it in stock or not. Then there's lots of time wasted in hunting for books.'

" 'That's very true, James,' he said, 'but what can you do about it?'

" 'If you'll lock me in here tonight, tomorrow, and the next night, I'll agree to rearrange all your books in such a way that anybody can find any book we have in stock.'

" 'Done, sir!'

"And so I was locked in, after I had gone out and got me enough food to last me for the thirty-six hours.

"Well, I worked as I had never worked before and as I have never worked since. But I got them all moved. Over here, I put all the books published by Harper and Brothers, with the volumes arranged according to subjects, and the name 'Harper and Brothers' Publications' above the group. In the same way I arranged the publications of Longmans, Green and Company; of Scribner's; of MacMillan; and the rest.

"You ought to have seen my employer's eyes Monday morning. But he didn't say anything for a long while. Then he called all the clerks to his desk.

"D'ye see how the books are grouped this morning?' he asked us. "Well, that's James' idea and James' work.'

"And he made me head clerk on the spot, with four times the salary I had been getting!"

Brocketts' eyes gladdened as if all this had been about himself.

"But there's one thing I've always felt the need of," Mr. Dargan went on, "that's an education. I've never had much

schooling. And I've noticed that a man gets on so much better, however good his principles are, when he's had schooling. Take now—why don't you go to school, Brocketts?"

"Me!" Brocketts gasped. "How can I?"

"Night school, I mean."

"Oh! But I didn't know there was a night school here. Is there one?"

"Yes, and a good one, too—run by John Morley, a young Southerner. I'm told it's one of the best in the country."

"I'll go!" Brocketts exclaimed.

And he left the store abruptly, leaving Mr. Dargan in doubt as to whether the boy meant that he would go to school or merely to his home.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## In Memory of the "Titanic" Victims

The glowing firmament, the vast, resounding sea,
Earth, air and depth, O God, declare thy majesty.

To who would understand what manhood true can be,
Comes a sermon from the depths of the icy northern sea.

As silent witnesses they all are lying there—
The artist, the laborer, the peasant, the millionaire.

The heroes of the deep, Columbia's noble sons!
Their names shall ever stand among the bravest ones.

No pomp of battle theirs—with flag of peace unfurled,
They gave their gallant lives for the mothers of the world.

Their names and deeds may be recorded by the pen,
But the greatness of their death shall live in hearts of men.

Long years may come and go, but many a voice shall cry:
"God teach me how to live, as they knew how to die."

JENNIE SNOW CHRISTENSEN.

MANTI, UTAH

# When Great Sorrows are Our Portion

BY HEBER J. GRANT, OF THE QUORUM OF TWELVE APOSTLES

[Recently Elder Grant sent the following personal letter to Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Winters, of Ogden, Utah, on the occasion of the death of their little daughter. Besides containing many personal reminiscences of real public interest, the nature of the contents is comforting to the sorowing and faith-promoting to all, which is sufficient to make them of general value to both young and old.—EDITORS.]

*My Dear Friends:*

I expected to have dictated before now the experiences wherein I was abundantly blessed of the Lord, upon several occasions when sorrows came into my life, but this afternoon is the first chance that I have had to do so. I have been up from three to four a. m. for several mornings, and have been exceedingly busy.

My wife Lucy was very sick for nearly three years prior to her death. At one time I was in the hospital with her for six months. When she was dying, I called my children into the bedroom and told them their mamma was dying. My daughter Lutie said she did not want her mamma to die, and insisted that I lay hands upon her and heal her, saying that she had often seen her mother, when sick in the hospital, in San Francisco, suffering intensely, go to sleep immediately and have a peaceful night's rest, when I had blessed her. I explained to my children that we all had to die, some time, and that I felt that their mamma's time had come. The children went out of the room, and I knelt down by the bed of my dying wife, and told the Lord that I acknowledged his hand in life or in death, in joy or in sorrow, in prosperity or adversity; that I did not complain because my wife was dying, but that I lacked the strength to see my wife die and have her death affect the faith of my children in the ordinances of the gospel. I therefore pleaded with him to give to my daughter Lutie a testimony that it was his will that her mother should die. Within a few short hours, my wife breathed her last. Then I

called the children into the bed-room and announced that their mamma was dead. My little boy, Heber, commenced weeping bitterly, and Lutie put her arms around him and kissed him, and told him not to cry, that the voice of the Lord had said to her, "In the death of your mamma the will of the Lord will be done." Lutie knew nothing of my prayers, and this manifestation to her was a direct answer to my supplication to the Lord, and for it I have never ceased to be grateful.

After the death of my wife, I took my three eldest girls to Chicago, New York, Boston and Washington, to see the sights of these great cities, believing that it would lessen the great sorrow which had come into their lives in the death of their mamma. At Washington my daughters Ray and Lutie were taken down with diphtheria, and were sick nigh unto death. Lutie was so sick that her pulse beat only twenty-eight times to the minute, and they fed her large quantities of the strongest whisky every fifteen minutes, all through the night, to keep her alive. She was given enough whisky to have made a dozen strong men drunk, and it hardly made her tongue thick. I was kneeling, supplicating the Lord to spare her life, pleading with him not to allow the additional sorrow to come to me of one of my children dying while I was away from home. I was shedding bitter tears, when the inspiration came that if I would send out for President George Q. Cannon and Bishop Hiram B. Clawson, who were then in Washington, that as they held the priesthood, they could rebuke the disease, and that my daughter would live. I thanked the Lord for this manifestation, and shed tears of gratitude that my daughter's life was to be spared. President Cannon in blessing Lutie stated that the adversary had decreed her death and made public announcement of his decree. I subsequently learned that the lady who was the proprietor of the boarding house was a spiritualist, and that she had visited her medium and asked her to tell her what was going to happen in her home. The medium told of the sickness of two little girls, that the older of the two had been nigh unto death, but would recover. She told her that she saw the second little girl get worse and worse, and finally die. She described taking the body out of the house, and the coffin being put upon the railroad train, and the railroad train going hundreds and hundreds of miles toward the west, and then she described the

train going over high mountains and then stopping in a valley and the coffin being taken off the train and then taken to a burial ground upon the hill-side, where she saw it lowered into a grave.

President Cannon, in his prayer, rebuked the destroyer, and announced that Lutie should recover and live to be a mother. And in the providences of the Lord, she is now the mother of three children, and their great-grandfather is the man who, in the authority of the priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, rebuked the destroyer's declaration that she was to die and her body be carried home and buried upon the hill-side.

When my son Heber was dying, notwithstanding I had builded great hopes upon his future life and he was my only living son, I never experienced a more peaceful, calm spirit, than was in my home. I was sitting by the little boy, expecting every moment would be the last. Between me and your sister, Augusta, was a vacant chair, and as I was sitting there, the impression came over me that my boy's mother was occupying this vacant chair, waiting for him to breathe his last. I turned to Augusta and spoke of the peaceful influence that I felt, that there was apparently no death in the room, and asked her how she felt. She said her feelings were the same as mine, and she had the impression that Lucy was in the chair between us, waiting for Heber's death. When Heber was dying, they came and woke me up. I had just finished having a dream. The dream was that while I was sleeping, a messenger came in company with my wife Lucy, and she instructed him to carefully take Heber out of the bed, that she had come for him, and she wanted him to go with her, and the messenger was to take him so quietly that I would not be disturbed. In my dream, I jumped up out of bed immediately, and took hold of my boy. The messenger who was acting under Lucy's instructions to take him away had a struggle with me, and I succeeded in wrenching Heber away from him. But in doing so, I fell, and I fell upon him, and very seriously injured his limb, from which he had been suffering so long with hip disease. His cries of agony pierced my very soul, and I got to thinking, "What if I have injured him, and made him lame for all the days of his life? It would have been better to have let his mother take him." I felt quite sad to think I had not consented to my boy being taken by his mother. I walked out of the house and wandered around

the streets, and happened to meet Brother Joseph E. Taylor. I told him of Lucy coming to the house to try to get her boy, and of the struggle that I had had with the messenger. He spoke of the fact that a mother has to offer her life upon the altar of sacrifice to bring her children into the world, and he said to me, "Brother Grant, much as I like to keep my children on this earth, I believe if the mother of any of my children were to come for her child, I certainly would raise no objections. I do not think there should be any family quarrels over a matter of this kind." I walked home with the feeling in my heart that if Lucy returned again, she could have her boy. I had just come to this conclusion in my dream when I was awakened, and the information was given to me that Heber was dying; and a subsequent impression which both Augusta and I received, that his mother was sitting between us waiting for his death, was in confirmation of my dream.

I never had a serious dream in my life except the above, and it has always been a source of comfort to me. No man can tell me that I do not know that God lives and that he hears and answers prayers, after the manifestation that came to Lutie that it was his will that her mother should die. Neither can anybody tell me that I do not know that the authority of the Priesthood of God is on earth when the representatives of the adversary announce the death of my daughter, and President George Q. Cannon, in the authority of the priesthood and in the name of Jesus, rebukes the decree of her death and promises she will live to be a mother, and this promise is fufiled.

No words of mine can express the gratitude that I felt at the time of Heber's death. Alma, in his commandments to his son Helaman (ch. 36, B. M.), speaks of the agony he felt when the angel appeared to him and rebuked him, and says nothing could be more exquisite than his pain. Alma also tells of the joy that he felt after calling upon the name of Jesus Christ, and says that nothing could be so exquisite as the peace and happiness that came to him. I can testify of my absolutely knowledge that nothing short of the Spirit of the Lord ever could have brought the peace and comfort to me which I experienced at the time of Heber's death. I am naturally affectionate in my disposition. I loved my last and only living son with all my heart. I had builded great hopes on what I ex-

pected him to accomplish. I expected to see him a missionary proclaiming the gospel of Jesus Christ, and I hoped that he might live to be a power for good upon the earth; and yet, notwithstanding all these aspirations that I had for my boy, I was able, because of the blessings of the Lord, to see him die without shedding a tear. No power on earth could have given to me this peace. It was of God. And I can never speak of it or write of it without feelings of gratitude filling my heart, far beyond any power with which I am endowed to express my feelings.

My dearly beloved brother and sister, it has been a pleasure to me to relate the three incidents above, of my personal experience, where blessings have come to me, when great sorrows have been my portion; and I have done so hoping they may comfort your aching hearts.

That God may bless and comfort you, and that the sweet influence of his Spirit may be and abide with you, in your home, and that your hearts may be healed of the sorrow caused by the death of your beloved little girl, is my earnest prayer—in which Augusta and Mary join.

I am ever your affectionate brother,

HEBER J. GRANT.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 21, 1912

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Elder D. Dredge Thomas, writing from San Antonio, Texas, reports that he and his companion have had great satisfaction in holding weekly meetings in their field of labor. They also held street meetings in the leading streets of the city, where they have full freedom, so long as they do not block traffic. He says: "This is quite a place for tourists to spend the winter. We find many people who have visited Salt Lake City. While there, they were entertained by the Bureau of Information, and attended the organ recital. All have words of praise for what they saw and heard. Many express themselves as having an entirely different idea of the 'Mormons.' The Bureau of Information opens many doors to the elders. The elders in the picture are: D. Dredge Thomas, Malad, David Roberts, Paris, Idaho."



## Just Two Little Shoes



Two little shoes whose well-worn toes
Do mutely tell of tender feet,
With skin just like a fresh, wild rose,
As delicate, smooth and as sweet.
They'd toddle forth at eventide—
I can hear his gurgles and coos—
Dearer than all the world beside
Was the patter of little shoes.

Treasured as gold are these small shoes,
With their toe-caps of shiny black,
Uppers shading from tans to blues,
And coloring's gone from the back,
Worn by the creep of my Dandy Boy;—
The thought of his crowing imbues
In my heart such a world of joy,
As I fondle his little shoes.

Two little shoes, I love them well,
For the sake of my Dandy Boy,
Whose gurgling laugh would rise and swell,
Brimming my heart with heav'nly joy.
The angels came one summer night,
Came down with the shadows and dews;
My little man joined in their flight,
So I treasure his lonely shoes.

Oh, how I love these tiny shoes,
Since his patter I'll hear no more.
No more I'll run from his fierce "boos,"
As he wriggles across the floor;
I'll kiss no more his laughing lips,
Nor the down of his curls profuse;
Nor can I check the tear that drips
On the laces of little shoes.

Two little feet, all pink and white,
Have gone toddling away from me;
They trotted off one starry night,
Far, far, over the boundless sea.
He left his smile where angels stroll,
In the sunset's gorgeous hues;
The mystic touch that thrilled my soul
He left here with his tiny shoes.



H. R. Merrill.
PRESTON, IDAHO



HIRAM B. CLAWSON, UTAH PIONEER

Born Nov. 7, 1826, Utica, New York; died March 29, 1912,
Salt Lake City, Utah

# Pioneer Incidents

RELATED BY BISHOP HIRAM B. CLAWSON

[Some weeks before the death of Hiram B. Clawson, he was in the habit of meeting with his family and telling them of incidents in his early and later life. These were reported by a stenographer, and from them we have been permitted to condense the following selections.—EDITORS.]

I

In the spring of 1849, as soon as we had built some shacks to live in, we moved out of the fort. It was very difficult to get fuel in the winter. I had a wagon and a yoke of oxen, and I went out into the canyons east of here to get a load. I knew nothing about hauling wood, and after I got it on the wagon I could not make it stay. The consequence was, I came nearly getting badly hurt, by the load shoving forward onto the oxen. The next time I was more successful. I took a rope with me, bound it round the load, and fastened it where I wanted it, and then I got along all right. At that time there was only one house in the valley. I do not know whose it was. It was somewhere near the Cedar Post (an old land-mark on corner of Sixth East and Third South Streets). It was a kind of a log house. Of course, they commenced to put up buildings right away. Some put up log houses, while others started to put up adobe houses. I built the first adobe building in the valley. It was an office located on the ground where the *Deseret News* building now stands. Later it was replaced by a stone structure called the Council House. It was used for meetings, consultations, and such affairs in those days. It was not used a great deal, but it was the largest house in the valley. In those days the streets and the roads up by President Young's house and the Gardo House were very steep indeed, leading down to Main Street. A branch of the old City Creek ran down through there. I saw quite a battle there one day—the soldiers got rather ugly, and our boys who lived thereabout had a fight with them. A number of the soldiers were knocked down.

II

I met my wife Emily when she was a girl, at the theatre, which I was managing then. I also met her at her home, being at the house a great deal. There were ten of President Young's girls. One day they were passing and President Young was looking at them, as they went by. I said to him:

"President Young, don't you think those girls are all getting round-shouldered?"

He looked at them closely and said: "Really, that is a fact. Would you do anything about it?"

I said, "Yes; they ought to have a course in calisthenics."

"Now," says he, "I wish you would have them drilled right here, and see if you cannot get them straight." I did; and the girls, up to this day, say that if it had not been for that exercise they would have been round-shouldered, hump-backed, and everything else.

III

President Brigham Young wanted me to drill his boys, including his grandsons and others, in the militia drill. I understood that, also the broad-sword exercises, and so on. He wanted me to teach these things to them. I got the boys all together, fifty of them, and drilled them all, out on the hill, right in front of where the White House stood. I continued that way for a long time, and had them pretty well drilled; but one day Oscar Young got a little angry at something or other, I don't know what, and when I ordered him to "ground arms," he threw his gun down on the ground. There were fifty boys, and I wanted strict drills, no foolishness, and so they all looked to see what was going to happen. I was standing in front, about thirty feet away, sheathed my sword and went up to him. He was a boy really bigger than I was, but I went up to him, and the minute I made a movement it was to grab him by the collar and drag him out of the ranks. He was staggered, could not get his balance, and down he went.

Then I went back to my place, and said: "You go home, and stay there. I don't want any boys who cannot attend to this properly."

By that sudden, quick, and decided movement, I got perfect control over the whole lot of those boys. They all minded me

well, and went through the drill in good shape, after that. That is what they needed—to have some *real* discipline.

IV

Speaking of the grass-hopper famine, Hiram B. Clawson, who was for many years President Young's business manager, says that Heber C. Kimball gave a sermon about a year before the famine, predicting that it would come. President Young got up in meeting after he had spoken, and said:

"Now, brethren, we don't want you to sell your grain. You keep it. If you must sell it, however, sell it to me." As a general thing the people all sold their grain to him. He took it, ground it, put it into bags, and stored it away until he had his big house full. The store-house and cellars all around were chuck full. When the famine came, he told me to have the doors of the store-house opened, and deal out that flour, and when anyone came who did not have any money or means, to give them some. Where they could pay for it, they should pay a modest sum. He ordered all that flour dealt out in that way, and thus saved the lives of the people in a great many instances. They were very short of food-stuff. One man came up who was a stranger. He had a fine, 16-hand high, sorrel, young horse, with a saddle and bridle, and he said: "Take the whole outfit, the horse, saddle and bridle, all for a hundred pounds of flour." I could not sell the hundred pounds, and did not sell it to him. I had no authority to *sell* the flour. I was only dealing it out on a certain principle. I gave him twenty-five pounds of flour, but not on account of his horse and saddle. This was during the grass-hopper famine.

Speaking of the grass-hopper famine reminds me that the crickets came before the grass-hoppers. They came down the mountain over toward the lake, and the people tried every way in the world to stop them. They dug a ditch, put in straw, set it afire, and did everything else they could. It looked as if the crickets were bound to have that field of grain, but just as they did that, here came the sea-gulls from the islands. They came in large numbers and settled down on the fields, ate the crickets, threw them up in piles, half a bushel in a pile, all over that field, until they cleared them out entirely. They disgorged them in this way, and the grain was saved.

# Editor's Table

## Old Forms vs. New

Everywhere there is a pronounced tendency to change from old forms, tried and found successful, to new, untried and questionable ones. It seems natural that the human mind is ever reaching out for something new,—a condition in itself commendable where the purpose is to continue to build upon the foundations of established truth and not to tear down the old and the true for the novelty of rebuilding foundations that are uncertain and untrustworthy.

This tendency toward the new and the different led the ancient saints, or at least those who directed them, to lose the spirit of the gospel, until it was only a comparatively short time after the death of the Savior when the principles that he sought to establish were changed in form and spirit and resulted in a complete apostasy from the truth.

It required a restoration of the gospel in our day to bring men back to its fundamental principles, in spirit, form and practice. This was accomplished by the revelations of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and in the establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Now there are those who argue from this fact that Joseph the Prophet was averse to old forms, that he was an iconoclast as far as religious principles and thoughts were concerned, since he destroyed the old and set up the new standard. Then they go on to say, if it was right for him to overturn existing conditions, is it not also proper for us to become progressive, cast aside conservatism and old things, to follow new thoughts and ideas? They argue that the conflict between the old and new which today so prevails in the religious activities of life is a scientific necessity—a mere expression of human nature differentiating men into conservatives, whom they are pleased to call fossilized, who cling to old notions; and the progressives, who seek to build upon new thought.

I think it is wrong to count Joseph the Prophet one who fought old forms, in the sense that he established new principles and doctrines. He fought existing religious forms, it is true, but he merely became the means in God's providence to restore the old truths of the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ, the plan of salvation, which is older than the human race. It is true, also, that his teachings were new to the people of his day, because they had apostatized from the truth,—but the principles of the gospel are the oldest truths in existence. They were new to Joseph's generation, as they are in part to ours, because men had gone astray, been cast adrift, shifted hither and thither by every new wind of doctrine which cunning men—so-called progressives—had advanced. This made the Prophet Joseph a restorer, not a destroyer, of old truths. And this does not justify us in discarding the simple, fundamental principles of the gospel and running after modern doctrinal fads and notions. It is perhaps well to understand and be informed upon these in order that those who teach may know how to meet and overcome error, but the everlasting gospel embraces the essentials of life and salvation, and contains all the truths needful to redeem the human race, if its principles are understood and applied. This is particularly the case, since the Lord has provided an organization more perfect than was ever conceived by man, giving us the Holy Spirit, and prophets and apostles to provide inspired instructions, to direct us, and to interpret doctrines and principles.

It is well not to be too anxious to take up new ideas in religious matters which are contrary to, or not contained in, the revelations of God. Before advocating and adopting such innovations they should be tested and compared with those foundation principles of truth that the Lord has revealed and that have been found sane, safe, and sound.

These thoughts apply also in politics. Just now there is much agitation in political circles. Certain classes of politicians would have us change some of the fundamental principles of the Constitution which, for more than a century and a quarter, has been a bulwark of power, and a safe protection for the government and the people. Whether this government shall remain representative or whether the people shall instead adopt the new thought,and seek to govern directly, is a vital question now before the nation The

wise decision of our fathers provided a government by representation, and we believe the people should guard this principle with jealousy, lest, by its overthrow, the irresponsible and unthinking shall spread ruin and anarchy throughout the land.

While we agree that the great need today is men and women everywhere who will stand for progress, and the overthrow of gigantic blunders and wrongs that may and evidently do curse the world and prevent the coming of the millennium and the perfect social order; yet, when advancement and progress shall come, if it is to prevail, it will be in harmony with the eternal truths of the gospel; and, politically, with the inspired principles of the constitution of our country. The remedy for social and other evils will not be reached nor found in the vagaries of religious charletans and would-be reformers, nor in the political rantings and dark byways of anarchy and socialism.

The Latter-day Saints as a people are not Socialists, and neither individually nor in our organizations are revolutionary tendencies, religious or political, encouraged; we believe in the gospel of Jesus Christ; "We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law," until He comes to rule and reign, whose right it is to reign as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

## What Determined Brigham Young to Settle in Salt Lake Valley?

In chapter LXIII of the *History of the Mormon Church* in *Americana,* by B. H. Roberts, assistant historian of the Church, under the title, "The Mormon Battalion," and in a very interesting note at the end of the chapter, the author answers this question in the manner following:

*Brigham Young and Father De Smet—Did the Description of Salt Lake Valley by the Catholic Missionary Determine Brigham Young to Settlement?* The evidence presented in the foregoing pages of the regular text, [Chapter 63 of the *History of the Mormon Church*] proving that the destination of the Latter-day Saints, even before leaving Nauvoo, was clearly understood by

Brigham Young, at least as to the general region in which they would settle, disposes of a question recently raised in a book of some excellence under the title, *The Catholic Church in Utah,* published by "The Knights of Columbus" of that state.* The question referred to is, was it a certain conversation, or a series of conversations which Brigham Young had with a Catholic missionary at Winter Quarters that led him to fix upon Salt Lake valley as a place of settlement? The Catholic missionary in question was Father De Smet, who claims to have traversed much of the Salt Lake valley in his rambles among the Rocky Mountains in 1841. (Letter of De Smet to *Precis Historiques Bruxelles,* January 19, 1858). It is claimed also in *"Father De Smet's Life and Travels Among the North American Indians,"* that "He became well acquainted with [Brigham] Young, and it is possible the information he gave him may have influenced that leader in choosing Salt Lake valley as the future home of his people." (*Catholic Church in Utah,* 271).

Father De Smet himself puts forth the same suggestion, though modestly and with much charm of manner, in a letter to his nephew, written in March, 1851. He says:

"In the fall of 1848, as I drew near to the frontiers of the state of Missouri, I found the advance guard of the 'Mormons,' numbering about 10,000, camped on the Territory of the Omaha, not far from the old Council Bluffs. They had just been driven out for the second time from a State of the Union (Illinois had received them after their war with the people of Missouri). They had resolved to winter on the threshold of the great desert, and then to move onward into it, to put distance between themselves and their persecutors, without even knowing at that time the end of their long wanderings, nor the place where they should once more erect for themselves permanent dwellings. They asked me a thousand questions about the regions I had explored, and the valley which I have just described to you pleased them greatly from the account I gave them of it. *Was that what determined them? I would not dare to assert it. They are there!* In the last three years Utah has changed its aspect, and from a desert has become a flourishing territory which will soon become one of the states of the Union."†

*The author is Very Reverend W. R. Harris, D. D., L. L. S. D., 1909.

†We may help out our Catholic friends by corroborating the fact of the meeting of Father DeSmet and Brigham Young. In the latter's Journal History, Ms., is the following entry: "Nov. 19, 1846: Mr. Smith, a Catholic priest and missionary to the Black Feet Indians,

Commenting upon this, the author of *The Catholic Church in Utah*, says:

"To the 'Mormons' living in temporary camp on the edge of the desert, unable, or at least unwilling to retrace the road leading back to the land of their persecutors, ignorant of the region which lay before them, De Smet's glowing description of the beautiful and fertile valley which lay beyond the mountains, brought the solution of their most perplexing problem, for it indicated a place wherein they could establish their homes and their religion, free from the troubles and persecutions which had so far beset them. His close acquaintance with Brigham Young, and his many conversations with him on the Rocky Mountain regions, and on Salt Lake Valley, probably determined the choice of the 'Mormon' prophet, and led to the decision which ultimately settled the Latter-day Saints in the fertile lands they now occupy in Utah." *(The Catholic Church in Utah, pp. 270-1.)*

All this probability disappears, however, in the presence of the repeated assertions of Brigham Young and others that the destination of the people he was leading was the "Great Basin of the Rocky Mountains," or the "Bear River Valley," long before the arrival of Father DeSmet at the "Mormon" camps on the Missouri.

## "Lest we Forget"

*The boy or young man who smokes closes the gates of education against himself, bars the door to vigorous physical manhood, and destroys his prospects for spiritual and moral growth. These facts are being recognized by educators and other men of intelligence the world over.*

There are few tobacco users in the State Agricultural College, and the administration are determined that these few shall be reduced in number. A whole week, not long ago, was devoted to anti-cigarette and nicotine talks by President John A. Widtsoe and members of the faculty.

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called on me. I procured for him a newspaper containing a report of a trader concerning the Munchie or White Indians" (Hist. B. Y., Bk. 2, p. 478.) I think President Young or his amanuensis mistook "Smet" for Smith; but the "Smith" of the Journal is doubtless "De Smet" of our Catholic authors.—B. H. R.

The administration's views were expressed by Dr. Widtsoe in these words: "The Agricultural College is not for users of tobacco. It is against the rules to use tobacco in any form on College property."

Dr. Titus illustrated the evil effects of the tobacco habit on habit-formation and influence on mentality.

Dr. E. G. Petersen, speaking on the psychological influence of nicotine on the human body, said: "Its use frequently results in digestive and lung troubles, nervous disorders, and frequently in sight-defects of a most alarming nature."

John Sharp of the Board of Trustees said: "The influence of tobacco is thoroughly bad."

Here are sentiments from two leading educators of our nation:

Andrew D. White, first president of Cornell, and ambassador to Germany: "Any young man's future is seriously, probably fatally, effected by the use of tobacco."

Former President Charles W. Eliot, Harvard: "During my whole career I have never subjected my body to stimulants or narcotics."

At the cursed tobacco store there is one contemptible hanger-on. He is the tobacco go-between. Through him, the young boy finds no difficulty in obtaining cigarettes. He saves the clerk and the tobacco agent from the law. "He is the man whose nose I should like to pummel," said a father to his son, who had bought cigarettes through him. Young man, in case of a conflict which would you help, the go-between or your father? Think of your position.

The Methodist conference held in Minneapolis, on May 8, 1912, adopted a resolution prohibiting election to any office of the general conference of any man who uses tobacco in any form.

Elder Heber J. Grant is an example of the physical blessing which comes to one who observes the Word of Wisdom. Some years ago, he underwent an operation for appendicitis. Blood-poisoning had set in. The doctor said he could not live through an operation, but he himself had faith that he could get well. There was one physician, however, who expressed the opinion that he would live. When later Mr. Grant asked him why, he replied, "Because of the wonderful condition of your heart. I held your pulse for two and a half hours, and it never missed a beat, but pounded as regularly as machinery." Elder Grant

was told when he underwent the operation that he would not be able to leave the hospital, even if it were successful, within five or six weeks, but he left cured in fifteen days. Being asked later to what he attributed it, Elder Grant answered, "I attribute my healing to the blessings of the Lord and to my strict observance of the Word of Wisdom."

## An Appeal with a Promise

The readers of the ERA will remember that I appealed to them to get at least one additional subscriber to our magazine, last month. I now earnestly appeal to every reader of our magazine to learn by heart the quoted sentiments which follow. I promise them that if they will do so, and make these teachings a part of their lives, that our Father in Heaven will bless them, and the gratitude that will come from the people to whom they have shown love and kindness will add much joy to their daily lives:

"Make a rule, and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, I have made one human being at least a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day. You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter."—*Charles Kingsley.*

"Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year. Good deeds will shine as the stars in heaven."—*Chalmers.*

HEBER J. GRANT.

## Messages from the Missions

Elder Preston D. West, writing from Adelaide, South Australia, February 29, reports that in the South Australian Conference, for the year ending March 1, 1912, the elders had held 350 meetings, 103 Sunday Schools, spent 1,658 hours tracting, visited 9,204 homes, re-visited 5,030 families, distributed 38,916 tracts and 2,191 books, spent 1,142

hours in 2,423 gospel conversations, and 3,620 hours with members, and 5,246 hours in study. He continues: "Since June last we have been holding singing practice every week, which has proved very helpful in singing the songs of Zion. We have also held Priesthood meetings for the local brethren, which are proving successful and of great worth. We have made several country trips with good success, both in the distribution of literature and in making friends. The native Saints are doing much to bring their relatives and friends to the light of truth. We find the men folk very indifferent about religion, and though the city of Adelaide is called the City of Churches, yet it is not



a city of God-fearing people. We have only little opposition, however. The elders are, left to right, standing: Alfred Brooksby, Fredonia, Arizona; Matthew Holt, South Jordan; John Fullmer, Abraham; William B. Moore, Ogden; Preston D. West, Morgan, Utah. Front row, sitting, Wesley E. Tingey, Centerville; James F. Palmer, South Jordan, conference president; and C. Leroy Haskell, Payson, Utah. Elder Haskell left for home February 29, having labored 26 months in the mission.

President Roscoe W. Eardley, writing from Rotterdam, Holland, January 25, speaks of a conference just concluded, at which from eight to nine hundred people were present during the Sunday morning and afternoon, and about twelve hundred at the evening meeting—a splendid-sized audience for Europe; and best of all, they represented a good class of people, who paid the utmost attention. In the portrait of the mission and conference presidents and secretary of the mission, and the assistant editor of the "Ster," it will be noticed that all are young. Conference Presidents are: Rotterdam, Ray Van Wagener, Provo, 21; Amsterdam, Lawrence H. Taylor, Salt Lake, 21; Arnhem, Joseph B. Knight, Salt Lake, 23; Groningen, Joseph Reed, Forest Dale, 22; Liege, David E. Ostler, Salt Lake, 21. "It is not a question here as to

whether it is advisable to put young men into these important positions, because all are young men, without a single exception—but as fine a group as you will find anywhere in the world. Just before President Thatcher left he sent elders to the province of Sealand, and we are now trying to introduce the gospel there, by following up his



good lead. Among our many interesting and profitable experiences, we have succeded in making many friends and interested investigators. The boys down there are real workers, and I venture to say that they will not take any amount of money for the experiences they are having every day. I am glad to be back again with the industrious, hospitable people of Holland, which country has not lost its interest or charm to me. I am glad to be associated with such a noble group of young missionaries in the teaching of the gospel. Not a single day but something interesting occurs, either amusing or serious. I had the pleasure of calling a young man on a mission, who is the son of a brother to whom I carried the gospel on my first mission. On my return I found that this man and his family were among the very truest Latter-day Saints in the mission, and had been so for ten years. The young man, who is now in the Liege conference, was then only a boy of about ten years, but now a young man nearly twenty-one years, well grounded in the faith, energetic, zealous, and in possession of a strong testimony of the gospel. The family might have come to Utah years ago, as far as finances are concerned, but the father owns a business here which it would be unwise to break up. This experi-

ence naturally filled me with a great deal of joy." Elders left to right, standing: Oscar T. Parker, Joseph Reed, Joseph B. Knight, David E. Ostler; sitting: L. Hamilton Taylor, O. Earl Thomas, Roscoe W. Eardley (mission president), Bererena Tiemersma, Ray Van Wagoner.

Elder Lawrence C. Monson, writing from Haugesund, Norway, February 15, encloses photograph of the elders laboring in that district which includes Elders J. E. Larsen, of Taber, Canada, and Lawrence C. Monson of Salt Lake City. Some agitation against the "Mormons" has grown out of the presentation of the moving picture drama, "A Victim of the 'Mormons'." The elders took advantage of it, and on each night of performance, distributed tracts and advertising matter of a meeting that they desired to hold on January 29, to answer the libels in the play. "Our hall was packed, there being over a hundred strangers present, besides the Saints, many being turned away because of lack of accommodations. For one and a half hours Elder Monson held the attention of the audience, showing that there is no foundation for the reports set forth in the play. He closed by explaining for what purpose the elders had come into this country; namely, to preach the restored gospel of love and righteousness. The audience appeared to be well satisfied, and left with a new idea of 'Mormonism,' and many were heard to exclaim, 'The "Mormons" cannot be as bad a people as represented, after all.' Many of the leading citizens were present, and expressed themselves as fully satisfied with our answer, and the result is that we have made a number of new friends. The outlook is bright for the future."



Elder Fred C. Mickelsen, president of the Trondhjem Conference, Norway, writes that the elders do not relish the unfair treatment which a number of people there are continually according them. He mentions particularly Pastor Jorgensen, who is attacking the Latter-day Saints through the press: "He stamps us as most degrading creatures, white-slave agents, and terms our mission a terrible menace to the public. He has expressed himself in much bitterness, and has tried to spread that bitterness among the people; and he hopes that Norway and Denmark will follow Sweden's lead in appropriating public funds to exterminate the elders. Coming from a soul-saver and priest,

we naturally wonder why this outpouring of wrath! His accusations have not a semblance of truth or justice. It would seem more fitting for him to come to us and show us the error of our way, instead of filling the public mind with his poisonous fabrications. Jesus said: 'Satan goeth about like a roaring lion,' and we can certainly testify that he is well represented in Trondhjem. We have tried to reply through the press, but have failed, the papers being seemingly afraid to give us justice; hence we bend our backs to the inevitable, knowing the gospel tried and true cannot be overcome by persecution, but will ultimately triumph. We have seen the power of God manifested here in the healing of a little girl, born blind in one eye. She was made whole through fasting and prayer, and the administration of the elders. The mother, who is not a member of the Church, has much faith, and desires to embrace the gospel, but has opposition from her husband. We are continually disturbed in our meetings by hoodlums under the leadership of an old shoemaker, who is in turn a tool of the priests. We are kindly received by some, and very roughly handled by others, in our effort to preach the gospel; but although at times it seems dark and dreary, yet we feel that the Lord is near to help us and we are making steady progress. In the sixteen months I have spent in Denmark and Norway, I have learned that he who would be wise must daily earn his wisdom. I have learned to love the gospel for its many beauties, which one does not appreciate until confronted with the world. I have learned to love the boys, our elders from home, over whom it has been my lot to preside. I am satisfied that the world could be searched in vain for an equal number of young men willing to sacrifice the comforts of home and association of dear ones, to go out into the cold world to meet persecution and, in many instances, bodily injury. I thank God for the light of the gospel and the many blessings it has given me and mine. May the good work roll on until it fills the earth. We appreciate the ERA very much. It is a welcome visitor and enjoyed by all the missionaries. My wife is laboring with me, and is at present the only lady missionary in Norway."



Elder W. S. MacKay, president of the Independence conference of the Central States Mission, writes that the work in Kansas City has been very successful. The elders tract the homes and business houses during the day, and hold cottage and street meetings every evening. They feel that in this work the Master is blessing them, and that their efforts are being crowned with success. The elders and lady missionaries are, top row, left to right: L. Swainston, V. F. Spencer, Burley,

Idaho; J. O. Sorensen, Georgetown, Idaho; Henry Miller, Thayne, Wyo.; R. P. Murray, Wellsville, Utah; second row; Nettie Mecham, Morgan; W. S. MacKay, conference president, Taylorsville, Utah;



Cora Hawley, Seattle, Washington; John F. Allred, Ogden; front row: J. W. Smith, Grantsville; Elmer Jackson, Randolph; Jesse Walton, Miller, Utah.

The Scandinavian Mission has purchased the Temperance building at Bergen, Norway, as a meeting place for the Saints. The building is of stone, two stories high, and is located in Kong Oscarsgade. The property cost fifty thousand kroner, twenty thousand of which was paid in cash and the other thirty thousand being secured on time payments. On the 22nd of April, Elders Andrew Jenson and Martin Christopherson, the retiring and the new president of the Scandinavian Mission, visited the branch and the former dedicated it for the service of the Church. This gives the Scandinavian Mission their own home in Christiania and Bergen, Norway; and Aalborg, Aarhus and Copenhagen, Denmark.



Elder Fred L. Bangerter, writing from Montgomery, Alabama, says that the people in that district are becoming more friendly, and are studying the gospel as the Latter-day Saints teach it. The four elders laboring in Montgomery during February held sixteen street and eleven cottage meetings, besides disposing of a goodly number of books and tracts. The elders are Edgar E. Burke, Springerville, Arizona; Frederick L. Bangerter, Granger;

Guy V. Lamoreaux, Hubbard, Arizona; Leonard Hatch, Hatch, Idaho.

Elder Wilmer Jensen, writing from Richmond, Kentucky, March 1, states that in the cities of East Kentucky conference, during the past six weeks they sold twenty Books of Mormon, 213 little books and distributed 2,000 tracts. At Danville, Elder P. L. Carver found a family who invited them to their home to hold meetings, and who became very interested in Church literature and work. A lady purchased "A Voice of Warning" at Nicholasville, and later a complete set of Church books. The elders met several ministers who treated them very kindly. One of them invited them to lunch with him, and they spent a very agreeable evening. The people have treated them with the hospitality for which Kentucky is noted. The elders feel keenly that the Lord is blessing them, in preaching the gospel. The elders are: P. L. Carver, Preston, Idaho; Wilmer Jensen, Huntsville, Utah.



Elder P. H. Service, writing from Carlisle, England, New Castle conference, states that the work is rapidly progressing in Northern England, under the able leadership of Joseph W. Clark and a corps of elders laboring under him. They are doing all they can to refute the slanders spread of late about the "Mormons," which the magazines and papers have been very willing to print. The reaction has come, there being no proof of the truth of these anti-"Mormon" misrepresentations. Mr. V. S. Peet has offered a reward of £200 for proof of the truthfulness of some of these stories; but as there is no one seems to want the reward, the people are not quite so hostile as at first. Some, however, occasionally persist in slandering the Saints. It is hard for us to say, "Forgive them, they know not what they do," when one is almost convinced that they do know what they are doing. Had they cared to find out the truth in relation to the evil reports circulated in this country, they could easily have obtained it from the numerous refutations published during the last seventy years. Every slander has been thoroughly exploded in public print. Carlisle was recently visited by these character-smashers and it looked very dark for the "Mormons" in this city, until we received help from the city fathers, when



P. H. Service, Salt Lake.
W. K. Lindsay, La Grande, Ore.

several of the large mobs were dispersed by the majesty of the law. We have about fifty members in our branch. Our hall holds about one hundred fifty people, and is generally filled on Sunday evenings. Our Sunday School, Mutual, and Relief Society are in healthy condition.



Elder C. N. Liljenquist, Norfolk, Nebraska, says that Company A, consisting of four elders, namely, front: George W. Rhodes, Salt Lake City; M. W. Hansen, Mink Creek, Idaho; back row: C. N. Liljenquist, Salt Lake City; William A. McFarland, West Weber, Utah, have made many friends among the business men at Rhodes, Nebraska, have been very successful in different places in teaching the gospel, and have been invited to many homes. One day, while out tracting, they found a lady's gold watch, and by advertising in a newspaper, found the owner, who gave them $5. The act of honesty on their part made a good impression on the people, and made them many warm friends.

Elder Frank Russell, San Diego, Califorina: "Meetings are well attended here, both by Saints and investigators. Our Sunday School is a success. Having no Mutual Improvement Association, we hold a singing class and a Book of Mormon class conjointly at our home. These are well attended by the young people and their friends, and are doing much good. In tracting we feel more encouraged than ever. The elders are being invited back to many places and homes, and make many friends, and good headway in allaying prejudice and distributing literature. We have baptized nine new members recently." Names of the elders, standing, left to right, C. V. Cummings, Salt Lake City; D. Henry Manning, Garland; front: T. D. Mendenhall, Springville, Frank Russell, Nephi, Utah.



# Priesthood Quorums' Table

**The Last Testimony of Hamilton G. Park.**—The following address, given to the High Priests' Quorum of Ensign stake is the last public address of Elder Hamilton G. Park. He died May 1, 1912, after an illness of several months. He was the son of Samuel Park and Isabella Grak and was born November 25, 1826, at Tilburnie, Scotland. He joined the Church in 1840, and in 1852 came to America, and to Utah, September, 1854. Two years after arriving in Utah he became the business manager of President Brigham Young, acting up to May, 1869. He was closely connected in this capacity with the development of the material affairs of Utah, especially in the construction of flour and saw mills, and the first overland telegraph. He was later business manager of Joseph A. Young in which position he combined farming, mining and railroading. He filled two missions to Great Britain, one in 1869-71 and another in 1875-77. Returning from his second mission he entered the employ of Z. C. M. I. at which he continued the remainder of his life. He was very active in Church work and faithful to the extreme; and in his time was a laborer in the Y. M. M. I. A., and the Sunday School, and acted as a home missionary, as ward clerk, as counselor to Bishop Edwin D. Woolley, up to 1876, and to Bishop Nelson A. Empey, 13th ward, up to 1900. At the time of his death he was the President of the High Priests' Quorum of the Ensign stake to whom his last testimony was given on Sunday, December 10, 1911, as follows:

*My dear brethren:*—I find as I advance in years, and this old body becomes more feeble, that you are dearer to my soul; that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints becomes dearer to me every hour, and my brethren and my sisters become more precious in my sight, and I love them better and love them more.

I was down to the First ward last night, and expected to go home to Third Avenue last evening, but was not able to go. I was in bed all day, but I got up this morning and felt a little wrathy. I thought there was an enemy trying to prevent me from doing my duty, and I said, I wish I were strong enough to throw him on his back, and I would do it this morning cheerfully and without a grudge; but I am very feeble, and my steps are becoming very unsteady, and I feel that interest in my brethren and my sisters that I want to talk to them and exhort them all the time, if I had the strength.

I joined the Church when I was 15 years old. My mother was very much opposed to it and said to me: "Hamilton, you have brought disgrace on the family. You have brought a greater sorrow to me than your father's death." This grieved me very much, and set me to crying, for I loved my mother. I distinctly remember going out

into the orchard and prostrating myself upon the grass; I prayed to die.

While there I heard a voice which said to me: "Hamilton, what you have done is well pleasing to your Father in Heaven. The young man, Joseph Smith, is a prophet, is without spot or blemish, chosen in heaven and ordained of God. If you will be faithful to the end, God will give you an everlasting inheritance in his celestial kingdom where God and Christ dwell." This has been my testimony throughout all my days.

My mother afterward joined the Church and came to this country, crossing the plains with a hand cart, and finally died a faithful Latter-day Saint in her 93rd year.

To the brethren who have joined this quorum today and have been ordained God's High Priests, I want to say that we bid you welcome and hope all the good things stated to you in your ordination will be realized by you to the glory of God and the salvation of your own souls.

And now in looking over this congregation, I want to say that if there is any man here who feels that business is more important to him than his duty to God, I want to tell him to beware; because, in my advanced life, things of the future cast their shadows before, and the things of the present lose their interest. While it is good and proper and right for man to attend to the business of today, and sustain the Kingdom of God in its temporal affairs, I say to them not to neglect their duties to God and their holy religion, because, when they get to my time of life, it will not be how much stock you own in this and that institution, how many bonds you possess, and how much wealth you can count in the things of this life, but the question foremost and uppermost will be, have I been true to my God and His holy religion? Have I neglected any one duty? Have I ever betrayed a trust, or gone back on a friend? Therefore, I say to our friends joining us this morning, welcome, and welcome, a thousand times welcome, to our quorum.

Now I want to say to my brethren, there is little else I find I am able to do, but I can bear testimony to the truth of the gospel. I find now in my advanced stage of life, because I have commenced my 87th year (and my 72nd year in the Church), that I have seen the power of God in every advance of the way, and Lucifer also in every advance, for he is a living factor.

I will say right here to you, my brethren, that I may not have the opportunity many times more to bear my testimony, for I feel very weak, today, and shaky in my limbs; but in my early manhood, in my youthful days, in my own native land, I have mingled with the dying and the dead in a railway wreck, and fled in terror from the burning mine, but "Mormonism" was true, and Joseph Smith was the mighty Prophet of the living God.

In this fair land, I have been cold on the mountain, hungry in

the canyon, and thirsty on the desert where water there was none, but "Mormonism" was true, and Joseph Smith was that mighty Prophet of the living God.

In this fair city, I have gazed on the faces of the dead; yes, when the soul was filled with sorrow and disappointment, with fond hopes shattered, yet "Mormonism" was true, and Joseph Smith was sent of God.

In my missionary travels, I have staggered and reeled on the stormtossed deck, and clung to the quivering masts when the fierce winds whistled through rigging and sails, and the waves rolled mountain high, and the sky and waves seemed to meet and kiss each other, until it looked like all would be lost in the watery grave, when strong men feared and stout hearts quailed, yet I knew that "Mormonism" was true and Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God.

God bless you, my brethren.

**Lesscn V. How to Question a Class.** In all teaching much depends upon the skill used in questioning a class. If the teacher can question well, one can wager that the class recitation will be interesting and instructive. A class leader should never ask questions which can be answered by yes or no. Nor should a question be suggestive of the answer. A good question is thought-stimulating, and therefore should be one that will cause the members to reason on the subject under discussion. A question should not be answered immediately, if it is a thought-stirring one. Time should be given, and yet tact used so that the recitation will not drag. For a teacher to ask good questions, it takes careful thought and planning. He should ask himself whether or not his questions challenged the thought of the class; whether they were clear and to the point. If the teacher's questions are stimulating, depend upon it, the members of the class will begin to ask questions. If the questions are well organized and planned, the class will respond with enthusiasm, and the subject matter of the lesson will be made clear as a consequence. Let all class teachers think about the following definite suggestions:

1. Call upon each member of the class at least once during the evening.
2. If a brother fails to answer a question, give him another trial at the same question during the recitation.
3. Help the one who is likely to fail, by suggestion. He will answer the question in his way, and it might be helpful to all. It certainly will help him.
4. Always ask the question before designating the one to answer it.
5. Get various answers to a question and compare them.
6. Make each question clear and to the point.
7. Ask questions that are thought-stimulating and that cause the members to reason on the subject in hand.
8. Never discourage any one in his answer. Remember you are dealing with your brethren. They want to contribute something to the lesson. If their answers are obscure, try to catch their meaning, and encourage them to answer again.

# Mutual Work

## Saved the Child's Life

The practical nature of the M. I. A. Scout movement was well demonstrated, last month, by one of its members. While returning home from Religion Class in the Waterloo Ward, Salt Lake City, May 1, little Tessie Dalebout, age 6, slipped into Parley's Creek, a swift and turbulent stream at this season of the year. The current carried her down the stream for nearly a block, under two bridges, and tumbled her over and over. Two men saw her fall and, rushing across the fields, managed to pull her from the water, but when taken out, the little girl was full of water and apparently dead. Louis Rosenlund, 15 years of age, and patrol leader of the Waterloo troop, which is the first scout organization of the Church, beheld the men running across the field and followed them. They were working her arms and limbs, but without effect. He immediately sent another scout for a doctor, and proceeded himself to use the Schaefer method, which he had been taught in the scout meetings, for the resuscitation of the drowned. After continuing this for about fifteen minutes, the child began to breathe and was taken home before the doctor arrived. She has since fully recovered. Great credit is due the lad for his presence of mind, and his quick application of the practical things learned through his scout organization, which saved the little girl's life.



LOUIS ROSENLUND



TESSIE DALEBOUT

## Summer Work

Supt. Aaron W. Tracy of the North Weber stake and his board have prepared a summer course for the wards in their stake that

meet on Sunday evening. The purpose is three-fold: (1) to develop the local presidents and counselors in public speaking and to aid them in obtaining new thoughts and ideas through visiting, thus engendering more enthusiasm in Mutual work; (2) to get the parents out to the meetings by giving them something valuable and entertaining; (3) to catch the crowds of boys and girls who otherwise would spend the evenings buggy-riding. They have prepared a schedule of subjects from the Elders' course of study on the Articles of Faith. Each ward presidency will present the program assigned to them, nine times, once in each of the nine wards. The program consists of singing, two fifteen or twenty-minute talks by a young man and a young lady, a recitation, and instrumental music. The meetings begin June 9 and close August 25, so that nine subjects will be presented in each ward during the summer period.

The North Davis stake at their annual conference on Sunday, April 28, decided upon a summer program, providing weekly meeting in the wards of that stake. The Young Ladies will occupy their part of the time, on nature study, and the Young Men theirs on topics and stories from the junior manual. Supt. Herbert C. Burton and his Board are urging the study of the adopted program.

The Bingham stake have arranged a summer program, and also a field day for athletic contests and games at the close of the season, Sept. 29.

## M. I. A. Scouts

The committee on athletics and field sports, by Chairman Lyman R. Martineau, recently sent this letter to the stake superintendents of Y. M. M. I. A.:

Why not take up M. I. A. Scout work with your junior M. I. A. boys? The summer season is especially favorable to its introduction. The General Board has adopted and printed in the March number of the ERA (which please study), a plan of organization as a part of the Mutual work, officially recognizing the boy scout movement, which on every hand has caught the popular demand for some wholesome direction to boy activities. Our Athletic and Scout Director, Dr. John H. Taylor, under our direction, has very successfully launched the work in Liberty, Granite, Salt Lake and other stakes, and will meet your stake board or yourself and assistants, or any other officers or persons who are interested, at any time you may name, if you will give him a few days notice. Kindly write him at once, care Deseret Gymnasium, making an appointment, as he aims to give attention to stakes and wards in the order of application.

This scout work and the athletic activities of the Y. M. M. I. A. have been laid upon the Athletic Committee by the General Board, and this letter is sent in pursuance of that duty. It is not our de-

sire to force scout work nor any form of athletics upon any ward or stake, but we are ready and anxious to aid in organizing when and where a local demand for it is manifested. It is our aim and desire that the Y. M. M. I. A. shall organize, direct and control these activities along wholesome and uplifting lines as fast as wards and stakes can get ready.

## Music and Oratory

The Salt Lake Stake Mutual Improvement Musical and Oratorical Contest was held at Barratt Hall on the evenings of April 29 and 30. Prize winners were awarded silver and gold pins with appropriate inscriptions. A special suspended medal was awarded James H. Neilson, winner of the chorister's contest, and each member of the chorus was given an engraved badge. The champions of the stake, and the events in which they won first place, are as follows: Miss Eva Bailey, Nineteenth ward, soprano solo, "May Morning;" Arnold Poulton, Twenty-second ward, baritone solo, "The Gypsy King Am I;" mixed quartet, Twenty-second ward, "Come, Rise With the Lark;" Miss Alice Elder, Fourteenth ward, story telling; ladies' duet, Miss Edith Emery and Miss Bertha Emery, Sixteenth ward; male quartet, Seventeenth ward. Professor Oscar A. Kirkham presided. The judges were A. H. Peabody and C. F. Stayner, music, and Heber C. Richards, A. C. Rees and Sylvester Bradford, literary judges.

## Pioneer Trail

A company of M. I. A. scouts will be organized to pass over the old trail of the Pioneers from Echo to Salt Lake, next month, under the direction of the Athletic committee of the General Board. The company will follow the old trail and leaves Echo so as to reach Salt Lake on July 24. Provision will be made to take photos of the route, and a technical description of the road. The camp will be under strict discipline, and supplied with necessities in pioneer fashion. It is hoped that this outing will lead to the building of a state highway over the old trail.

## Annual M. I. A. Conference

The general annual M. I. A. conference will be held in Salt Lake City, June 7, 8, 9. Get a copy of the printed program from your stake superintendent or ward president. Rates on the railways.

# Passing Events

**Martha W. Lambourne,** wife of the late William Lambourne, born in Chievely, England, May 22, 1835, died May 4, 1912, at the home of her daughter Mrs. J. C. Cutler, Jr. Mrs. Lambourne crossed the plains with ox teams in 1866. She is survived by seven sons and one daughter, Alfred Lambourne, artist and poet, well-known to the readers of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, is one of her sons.

**Francis D. Millett,** artist and war correspondent, who went down with the *Titanic*, was born in 1846, and served as a drummer and contract surgeon in the Civil War. He was graduated from Harvard in 1869, and studied art in Antwerp in 1871-2. During the Russo-Turkish war and the Spanish war he was correspondent for several papers. He was director of decorations for the Columbian fair in Chicago, in 1893, and had also taken part in many other artistic enterprises.

**Direct Election of Senators.** A joint resolution providing for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States to permit the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people was passed by the House of Representatives on the 13th of May, by a vote of 237 to 39. Having previously passed the Senate the resolution will now be sent to the states for ratification. After being signed by the President a proclamation will be issued to the states asking them to signify their wishes on the proposed change.

**Floods in the Mississippi Valley** began about the last week in March, and during April and the early part of May were marked by the most disastrous overflows known for many years. Congress appropriated $350,000 for the strengthening of the levees on the lower river, but in spite of all that could be done the water poured out over the banks and covered thousands of square miles of the surrounding country. Many thousands of people were driven from their homes and the estimate of the loss of property reaches to one hundred millions of dollars.

**Secretary Knox** returned to Washington on April 17, after a tour of Central America and the West Indies, on a mission to improve the relation of the Carribbean countries with the United States. He reported that his efforts in that direction had been successful. Misrepresentation of the attitude and purpose of the United States in the countries south of us has been a feature of the domestic politics therein, and this condition had been assisted directly by a small coterie

in this country who are actively blocking reforms. He advocates the ratification of the treaty dealing with financial affairs of Nicaragua.

**The Democratic State Convention of Utah,** held May 14, chose William R. Wallace of Salt Lake, national committeeman, and selected sixteen delegates, with a half vote each, to attend the National Democratic convention at Baltimore, June 25, as follows: J. D. Call, Box Elder; Joseph E. Cardon, Cache; John R. Barnes, Davis; George C. Whitmore, Juab; John S. Bransford, C. P. Overfield, John W. Burton, C. C. Neslen, Samuel Russell, John Dern, Salt Lake; H. L. Nielsen, Sanpete; John McAndrew, Uintah; Thomas N. Taylor, Utah; William M. Roylance, Utah; E. M. Brown, Washington; A. L. Brewer, Weber.

**King Frederick the VIII of Denmark** died in Hamburg, Germany, unaccompanied and unattended, while out walking in one of the streets after ten o'clock at night, May 14, 1912. He had been south for his health for some length of time, and was on his way to Denmark, traveling incognito. Christian Frederick was proclaimed King Frederick VIII of Denmark, January 30, 1906. He was born June 3, 1843, and was a popular king with the people. His brother is king of Greece, and his son, king of Norway. Christian X, the crown prince, was proclaimed king of Denmark on May 15th, at three o'clock.

**Miss Clara Barton,** founder of the American Red Cross Society, died at Glen Echo, Md., April 12, age 90 years. In her early life she was a school teacher and when the Civil War broke out she went to the front to relieve the sufferings of the wounded. During the great Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, she was active in similar work, and during her life received honorary diplomas from ten European governments. She aided in broadening the Red Cross Society to include the relieving of suffering in great natural calamities as well as in war. She was born in Massachusetts when James Monroe was President, and her father was a soldier who had followed Mad Anthony Wayne in the Revolution.

**The Irish Home Rule bill** was introduced in the British House of Commons, April 11. It provided for an Irish parliament of a senate of forty members and a house of representatives of 164. The senators are to be appointed by the executive or head which is the Lord-Lieutenant appointed by the British government. The Irish representation to the imperial parliament is to be reduced to 42 members from 103 now in the House of Commons. The bill passed its first reading on April 16 by a vote of 360 to 266. The bill provides that the Irish parliament may not enjoy or establish any religion nor interfere with religious freedom. In case of disagreement they are to sit together. The Lord-Lieutenant may veto any bill passed by parliament.

**The Republican State Convention** met at Provo, May 15, and

adopted a resolution strongly endorsing President Taft and his administration. Eight delegates were elected to attend the National Convention to be held in Chicago in June. These delegates were instructed to vote for the re-nomination of President William Howard Taft. The delegates are: U. S. Senator Reed Smoot, Provo; U. S. Senator George Sutherland, Salt Lake; Congressman Joseph Howell, Cache; Governor William Spry, Salt Lake; Jacob Johnson, Sanpete; Colonel C. E. Loose, Utah; James M. Peterson, Sevier; Charles R. Hollingsworth, Weber. Eight alternates were chosen as follows: Lorenzo Stohl, Box Elder; William D. Sutton, Summit; William Glasmann, Weber; Thomas W. O'Donnell, Uintah; John Walsh, Davis; John D. Dixon, Utah; D. R. McDonald, Carbon; Robert Welsh, Morgan.

**The Board of Trustees of the Utah Agricultural College** has decided to organize two-year practical courses in agriculture, mechanic arts, commerce, and home economics, for the benefit of people who do not wish to take the regular college course, nor the full high school work. The aim is to make these courses of direct service to working men and women. The college attendance has now reached 1,366. The increase in advanced attendance is a notable feature of the past two years. Beginning with 1914 the college will gradually eliminate, one year at a time, the four-year high school course, now included in the college curriculum. The number of hours of work necessary for the college degree will be increased, intensifying the course of study. The Smart gymnasium will be in operation during the summer school. The power plant at the mouth of the canyon, for light and power for the college and other buildings, will be ready for operation by next September.

**Following the "Titanic" disaster** the ship *Mackay-Bennett* was sent out to take up bodies of the drowned and reported a large number recovered from the ocean. Those that were identified were taken to New York and others were buried in the sea. A committee of the United States Senate began an inquiry of the disaster on April 19. J. Bruce Ismay, head of the White Star Line Company, one of the survivors, was detained in this country together with some of the crew to give evidence before the committee. All agreed that the side of the ship was torn out by a glancing blow which so damaged it that it rendered the water-tight compartments useless. The ships of the White Star Line will be equipped hereafter with enough lifeboats and rafts to take off every person on board. An inquiry into the disaster was also held in England, before a committee of the English Parliament. Owing to the confusion in wireless telegraphy, which arose in this case, one company, by arrangement, has been given control of practically all the wireless business in the world—the Western Union.

**Frederick Dent Grant, Major-General United States Army,** died April 11, age 61 years. During the whole of the Civil War he was with his father, General U. S. Grant, and soon after its close entered West Point Military Academy. In 1881 he resigned from the army and went into business. In 1885 he was appointed minister to Austria and remained in Vienna until 1893. The year following he was made a police commissioner in New York. During the Spanish-American war he served in the volunteer army, and in 1901 re-entered the regular army. He was like his father and a great admirer of him. "My father's character has been my religion," he said. His moral courage exemplified in his attitude on the liquor question, was as strong as his convictions. He rode at the head of a prohibition parade in Chicago, in 1909, in full uniform; and not long before his death declared decisively against the restoration of the army canteen.

**Mary Ann Stearns Winters** died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Heber J. Grant, April 4, 1912. She was born April 6, 1833. Her mother became converted to the gospel when Mary was five years of age and moved to Kirtland, Ohio, where the mother met and married Elder P. P. Pratt. Both mother and daughter accompanied Elder Pratt to England when he left to aid in the establishment of the British mission. They later passed through all the persecutions in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois, and the pioneer hardships in founding Utah. Mrs. Winters was most intimately associated with the early leaders of the Church, and was in prison with some of them in Missouri. She married Oscar Winters on the trip crossing the plains—President Lorenzo Snow, who was returning from his Italian mission, performing the ceremony. They removed to Pleasant Grove to assist in the settlement of that place, and resided there until the death of Mr. Winters a few years ago. The children surviving are: Mrs. Heber J. Grant, Mrs. John E. Booth of Provo, Oscar L. Winters, Ogden; Arthur L. Winters, Pleasant Grove; Mrs. Heber Bennion; and the late Mrs A. O. Woodruff was another daughter.

**The Mexican situation** continues very serious. The insurrectionists were not respecting either the lives or property of Americans. The shooting of Thomas Fountain by Orozco, captured while serving with the Federal forces, led the American Ambassador in Mexico, acting under instructions from Washington, to inform the Minister of Foregin Affairs that the United States "must hold Mexico and the Mexican people responsible for all wanton and illegal acts sacrificing or endangering American life or damaging American property." To this the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied, April 17th, that "the Mexican Government finds itself in the painful necessity of not recognizing the right of your government to make the admonition which the note contains," since the incident can not be charged to the Mexican government. In the latter part of April a relief warship was sent to the west coast of Mexico to receive those Americans who

desired to leave the country. At Colonia Diaz the Latter-day Saint store was robbed on the night of May 4th. In defending their property one of the bandits was killed by the "Mormons" which resulted the following day in a brother of the dead man murdering in cold blood one of the settlers, J. D. Harvey, while at work on his farm with his three sons. Harvey had had nothing to do with the slaying of the bandit. Harvey was a native of Moroni, Utah, and was 49 years old. He left Utah for Mexico twenty years ago. The Latter-day Saints in the colonies are neutral, and generally their position is respected except by bands of bandits who are neither revolutionists nor federalists. On May 12th a great battle took place between the Federals under General Huerta and the rebels under General. Orozco near Conejos, in which the rebels were routed with great loss.

**Report of New Wards, Changes in Bishops, Etc.,** for the month of April, 1912, as reported by the Presiding Bishop's office:

New Branch. Grand View branch, Utah stake, with James H. Jenkins presiding elder, and Mark E. Kartchner, branch clerk.

New Presidents. John W. Hart, Rigby stake, to succeed Don Carlos Walker. Martin Christopherson, Scandinavian mission, to succeed Andrew Jenson.

New Bishops. Asa D. Blanchard, Woodland ward, Pocatello stake, to succeed Jacob L. Hartvigsen. Burdell Davis, Pleasant View ward, Utah stake, to succeed Levi A. Colton. Oscar W. Green, Menan ward, Rigby stake, to succeed Evan O. Clark. Parley J. Davis, Milo ward, Bingham stake, to succeed M. E. Brown. A. E. Stanger, Lincoln ward, Bingham stake, to succeed Levi J. Hawkley. Christopher E. Frank, Frankburg ward, Alberta stake, to succeed Chrisopher Frank. Wm. Henry Reynolds, Luna ward, St. Johns stake, to succeed M. H. Thompson.

New Ward Clerks. Axel E. Anderson, Lorenzo ward, Rigby stake, to succeed Alfred Hansen. Wm. W. McDonald, Huntsville ward, Ogden stake, to succeed Jos. Peterson. Jesse B. Grover, Rosette ward, Box Elder stake, released. Lorenzo Prince, Harmony ward, Parowan stake, to succeed Henry A. Pace. Miss Sarah E. Roundy, Kanarra ward, Parowan stake, to succeed Wm. T. Stapley. James E. Burns, Bountiful Second ward, Davis stake, to succeed Angus Smedley. Clarence Winegar, West Bountiful ward, Davis stake, to succeed Sydney D. Dibble. John I. Benson, Clear Creek ward, Carbon stake, to succeed Alfred Hayes. Bernard Newren, Scofield ward, Carbon stake, to succeed W. E. Ruff. John H. Rowley, Spring Glen ward, Carbon stake, to succeed Lillie Morrison. John Fingen, Ogden First ward, Weber stake, to succeed Albertus Brazonji. Wm. H. Bond, Heber Third ward, Wasatch stake, to succeed Chas. De Garff. Chas. A. Fernelius, Uintah ward, Weber stake, to succeed Norman Anderson. Ernest J. Seastrand, American Fork First ward, Alpine stake, J. Ernest Chadwick.

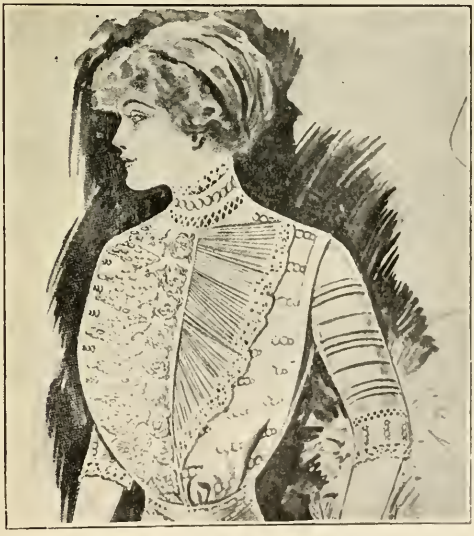
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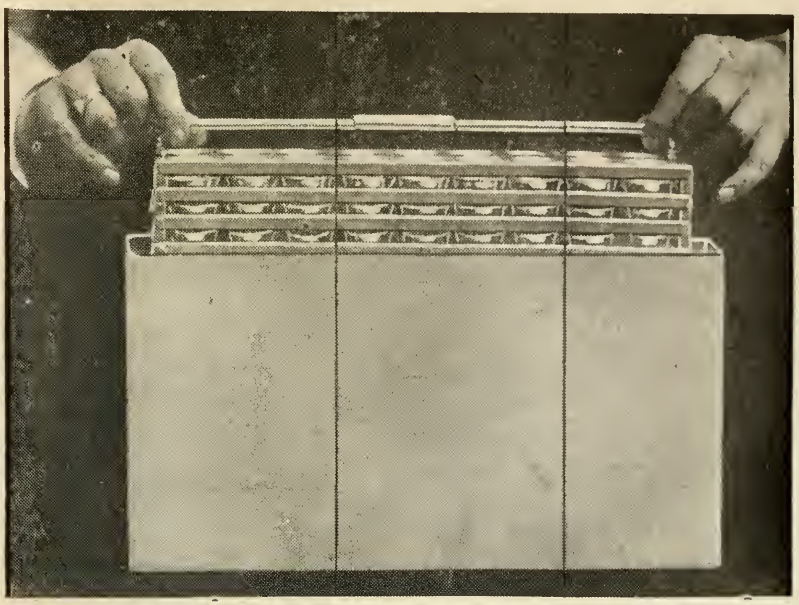
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**Officers of the Y. M. M. I. A.** will find the March ERA to contain the M. I. A. Scout instructions Are you making progress in this work? If not, what are you doing in other lines to interest and attract the young men in your ward?

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# Improvement Era, June, 1912

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